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HOW STEAMBOATS RUN REBEL BATTERIES.

WE reproduce on this page a picture of the tug "RUMSEY," Captain Joseph Biggs, as she appeared when prepared to run the gauntlet of the rebel batteries at Vicksburg on 26th April. On the Vicksburg side she was protected by a barge filled with hay solidly piled to a height which completely screened the steamboat. On the other side another barge, containing a loose deck-load of cotton-bales, protected the captain and his crew from rebel sharp-shooters. Cotton-bales were likewise piled around the pilot-house for the protection of the pilot. Thus accoutred, the gallant little craft boldly ran past the rebel batteries without suffering any damage or losing a man. Captain Biggs and his vessel are now with Farragut between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

ON page 341 we reproduce some of Mr. Davis's sketches representing scenes in the campaign of General Grant and Admiral Farragut.

One of them shows us THE BOMBARDMENT AND DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL BATTERIES AT GRAND GULF by Admiral Farragut. The place was being strongly fortified, and would have become as formidable as Port Hudson or Vicksburg had the rebels been suffered to complete their works. It is now in our hands.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT GIBSON, by General Grant, followed quickly after. The *Herald* correspondent wrote:

> On Saturday we reached Port Gibson, and took formal possession of the town. Just as we entered the village we discovered the suspension bridge which crosses the Bayou Pierre on fire. This compelled us to remain a few hours, until a floating bridge could be constructed. The enemy appeared on the opposite side of the bayou, above and below the town, and shots were exchanged, but with no damage to our army.
>
> Port Gibson is a town of two thousand inhabitants, well built and enterprising. A railroad connects the Port with Grand Gulf.
>
> In the afternoon the bridge was repaired, and we crossed over.
>
> Three miles beyond Port Gibson, on the Raymond road, we came across two large piles of bacon belonging to the rebel army, and containing at least 50,000 pounds. Of course this was incontinently appropriated. Five miles beyond we came to the upper bridge across Bayou Pierre, a substantial iron suspension bridge, which the enemy in his retreat had attempted to burn. The negroes had put out the fire before the bridge was entirely destroyed.

The other pictures show us GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS DISPATCHES TO WASHINGTON ON THE BATTLE-FIELD BY THE LIGHT OF A BIVOUAC FIRE, and GOVERNOR YATES SCOURING THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE IN SEARCH OF THE WOUNDED. Mr. Davis says that the Governor's industry and zeal in this praiseworthy enterprise elicited universal encomium.

THE BERWICK'S BAY EXPEDITION.

WE illustrate on page 340 two scenes in the recent naval campaign in Berwick's Bay, Louisiana, viz., THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST," and THE CAPTURE OF BUTTE LA ROSE by our flotilla. The former operation is thus described in the official report of the commanding officer of the flotilla:

EXTRACT OF OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER COOKE TO COMMODORE MORRIS.

"GUN-BOAT 'ESTRELLA,' GRAND LAKE,
"*April* 15, 1863.

"During the afternoon the smoke of the enemy's steamers was seen in the distance, apparently in Lake Chicot. At dark they were not yet in sight, but we expected them, and made preparations accordingly. After two o'clock A.M. of the 14th inst. we could occasionally distinguish their lights in the distance, and at daylight saw a large black steamer and white river-boat approaching us. We were all under way immediately, and opened the engagement with our bow-guns—30-pounder Parrots—at long range, our three vessels forming a crescent—the *Estrella* on the left, the *Arizona*, Captain Upton, on the right, and the *Calhoun*, Captain Jordan, in the centre—all approaching and gradually surrounding the enemy.

"The large black steamer pointed toward the *Arizona*, as though she were going to ram her; but our firing was so rapid and accurate that she did not advance. Captain Jordan, of the *Calhoun*, pointed his vessel to run down the black stranger; but she was seen to be on fire from our shells, and was soon wrapped in flames fore and aft. At this juncture her consort turned and fled. Having superior speed and lighter draft we could not follow her, and she escaped. We now lowered all our boats to pick up the crew of the burning steamer, who were clinging to cotton-bales all around her. From them we learned she was the *Queen of the West*, commanded by Captain Fuller, of Teche notoriety. We picked up ninety of her crew, besides Captain Fuller, and understand twenty or thirty were lost. The burning wreck drifted two or three miles down the lake, where she grounded, and the flames soon reached her magazine, which blew up, scattering the fragments of this famous vessel in every direction.

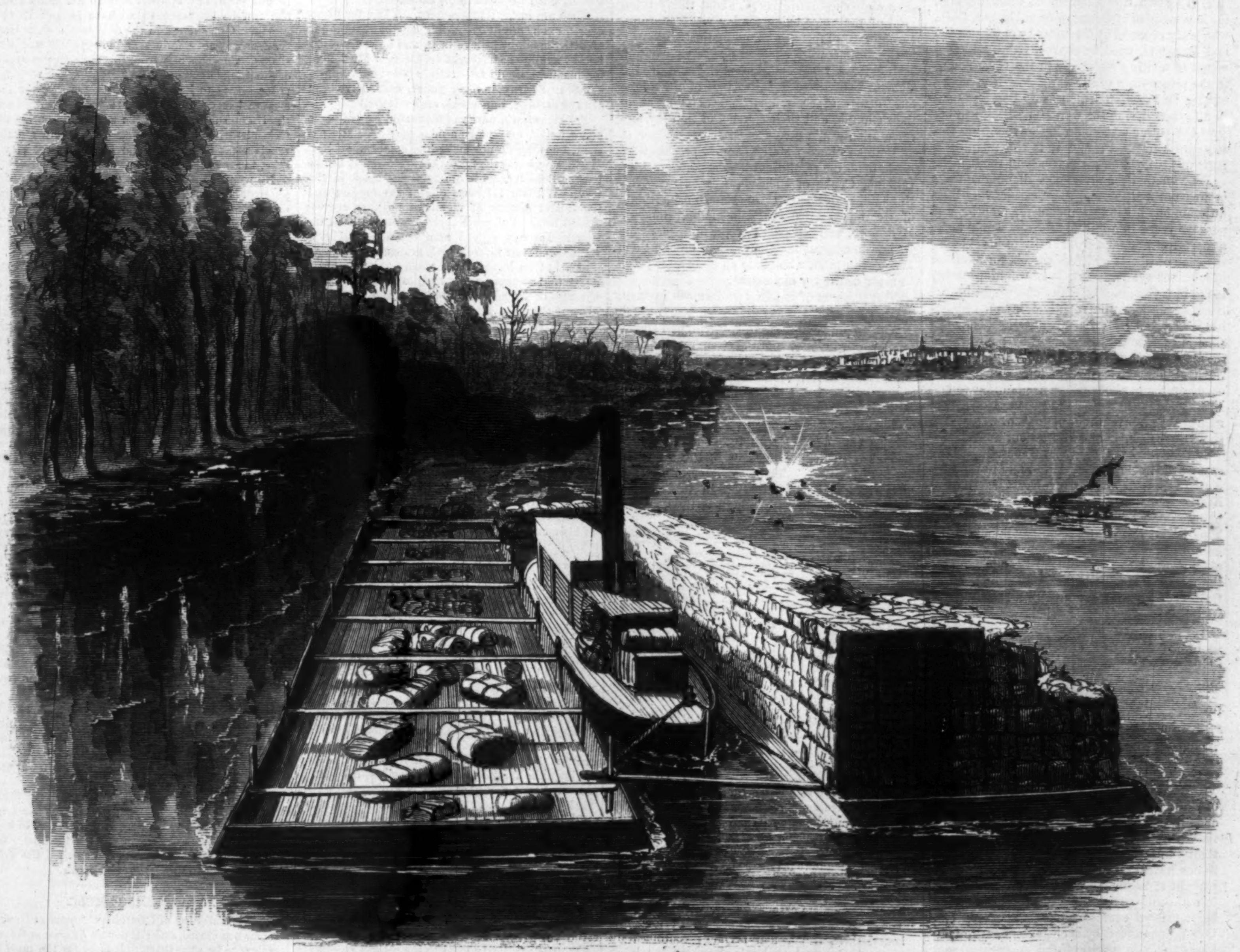
"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. P. COOKE, Lieutenant-Commander,
"Commanding Naval Forces Berwick's Bay.

"Commodore HENRY W. MORRIS,
"Steam Sloop *Pensacola*, New Orleans."

Of the capture of Butte La Rose a friend of the author of the sketch which we reproduce writes as follows:

"UNITED STATES STEAMER 'ESTRELLA,'
"*April* 28, 1863.

"I herewith forward to you a sketch of Fort Butte La Rose and vicinity, as it appeared during the action of the 22d inst. After a few days of very intricate navigation of the innumerable bayous in this region, the Berwick's Bay fleet, under command of Lieutenant-Commander A. P. Cooke, approached the fort under a full head of steam at ten o'clock A.M. The fort was silenced in about twelve minutes. The rebel gun-boat *Mary T.* was crippled, and only escaped by the assistance of one of the rebel transports. The steamer *Clifton* was slightly injured in her machinery. Our loss was two killed and three wounded. We captured the fort, two heavy guns, sixty prisoners with all their small-arms, and a large quantity of ammunition."



THE TUG "RUMSEY" ACCOUTRED FOR RUNNING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

ONE DAY'S COMMAND.

The plumed staff officer gallops
  Along the swaying line,
That shakes as, beaten by hailstones,
  Shakes the loaded autumn vine;
And the earth beneath is reddened,
  But not with the stain of wine.

The regular shock of a battery
  The rattling tumult stuns;
And its steady thrill through the hill-side
  Like a pulse beneath it runs;
The many are dead around it,
  But the few still work the guns.

"Who commands this battery?"
  And Crosby his clear, young eyes
From the sliding gun-sights lifting
  As the well-aimed death-bolt flies,
"I command it to-day, Sir!"
  With a steady voice replies.

Answers as heroes answer,
  With modest words and few,
Whose hearts and hands to duty
  Even in death are true,
Though its awful light is breaking
  Full on their blenchless view.

The officer passes onward
  With a less troubled eye,
The words and the look unshaken
  Bid every wild doubt fly;
He knows that young commander
  Is there to do or die.

To do *and* die; for the battle
  And day of command are done,
While stands unmoved on the hill-side
  Each shattered, blackened gun,
And Crosby in death beside them
  A deathless name has won.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly.*"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE ARREST OF VALLANDIGHAM.

IT is known that Clement C. Vallandigham, late member of Congress from Dayton, Ohio, was lately arrested at his house by order of General Burnside, tried by court-martial, and convicted of inciting resistance to the Government in the prosecution of the war. And it is reported that he has been sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress during the war. The President enjoys the power of commuting or remitting this sentence altogether; and it is the unanimous hope of the loyal North that he will remit it.

For, whether the arrest of Vallandigham was or was not a wise step, there can be very little question but his imprisonment for months, and perhaps years, in a military fortress would make a martyr of him, and would rally to his side, for the sake of liberty and free speech, an immense number of sympathizers. It would probably make him Governor of Ohio, and would impart great strength to the rapidly-decaying Copperhead sentiment of the Northwest. Notwithstanding the new lessons taught by the war, and the new duties which it has devolved upon us, we have not yet learned to look with complacency on the methods which are familiar to Old World despotisms; and the spectacle of a man immured in a prison for opinion's or words' sake shocks our feelings and arouses our anger.

It is all very well to say, as General Burnside says in his noble and patriotic reply to the Cincinnati Court, that war involves a sacrifice of liberty, and that this man Vallandigham was a pernicious and malignant enemy of his country. This we all know, and if Vallandigham would go out of the country to the rebels or any where else, loyal people would heartily rejoice. But the question is not whether Vallandigham be a traitor, or whether war involve a suspension of individual rights: it is—shall we better ourselves and help the country by locking this man up in a fortress, instead of letting him prate his seditious trash to every one who will listen? To that question the reply must be in the negative.

The mistake which has all along been made in this war by the Government and many of its agents has been not trusting the people sufficiently. Arresting seditious talkers implies a fear that the people have not sense or strength of mind enough to resist the appeals of sedition; just as the suppression or retention for a time of intelligence of a defeat implies a doubt whether the people have courage enough to bear bad news. Let us assure Mr. Lincoln, and all in authority under him, that the people of the United States have quite courage enough to bear any amount of misfortunes, and quite sense enough to withstand any amount of seditious nonsense, be it uttered ever so glibly. The only effect thus far produced by such talkers as Vallandigham has been to kill off the Copperhead sentiment in the Northwest, to reduce Fernando Wood's party to a mere corporal's guard, and to render the names of the Copperhead leaders a by-word and a reproach among honest men. Vallandigham was fast talking himself into the deepest political grave ever dug when Burnside resurrected him.

The people can be trusted to deal with traitors without any help from Washington, and those who suffer the penalty they inflict—ignominy and disgrace—never find sympathy any where. At the meeting held in this city on 18th to protest against Vallandigham's arrest not one leading man, not a single man who commands general esteem, or who carries the least weight, ventured to be present, and the performance was, on the whole, the most wretched of all the wretched fizzles that have ever been enacted in this city in the way of political meetings. Not but that every body, including the leaders of all parties, and the editors of all leading journals, regret the arrest. But Copperheadism has become so odious, and the doom of every sympathizer with treason so obvious, that not a single man who has any future to risk will jeopard it by placing himself on the record as even indirectly sympathizing with a Copperhead. So long as the people are thus firm in their loyalty it is surely superfluous for Government to interpose for their protection against traitors.

LAY REPRESENTATION IN THE METHODIST E. CHURCH.

AN important convention of Methodist laymen met in this city on May 13th and 14th to devise means of securing a representation of the laity in the General Conference of their Church. About two hundred and thirty members were present, most of them delegates. Among the number were ex-Governor Wright of Indiana, Governor Cannon of Delaware, Hon. M. F. Odell of Brooklyn, Hon. James Bishop of New Jersey, President Allen, late of Girard College, Judge Bond of Baltimore, and other distinguished gentlemen. The West and Northwest were well represented. Large delegations were also present from Philadelphia and New York.

The last General Conference—a body which meets once in four years—declared its willingness to admit lay delegates, if their introduction should be desired by the people, and directed the sense of the laity to be ascertained by a popular vote. The vote was taken at an unpropitious time, shortly after the breaking out of the rebellion, and was, in consequence, exceedingly small. Out of nearly a million of members less than eighty thousand voted, about thirty thousand of the votes being for lay representation, and upward of forty thousand against.

Resolutions were adopted by the Convention asking for a representation of laymen in the General Conference equal to that of the ministers, declaring their unabated attachment to their Church, and their conviction that lay representation would give greater life and vigor to all the operations of Methodism. Speeches were made upon the resolutions by Messrs. Curran of Indiana, Cooke of Chicago, Ross, Hoyt, Nottingham, and Forrester of New York, Riddle of Delaware, Allen of Philadelphia, Bond of Baltimore, and others. Several ministers were invited to address the Convention, among them Bishop Simpson, who made an elaborate speech in favor of the lay movement.

The presence of so many well-known laymen, and of such ministers as Doctors Durbin, Stevens, Nadal, Hagany, Rev. R. M. Hatfield, and Bishop Simpson, is indicative of the strength which this important movement has already attained in the Methodist Church. It is supposed by many that the next General Conference, which meets at Philadelphia in May, 1864, will grant the concession asked for. Another Convention, to assemble concurrently with the General Conference, was appointed to meet in the same city on May 17, 1864. The laymen certainly show great zeal and determination in urging their suit, and no doubt will, in a short time, accomplish their object.

THE LOUNGER.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE design of the seal upon the envelope, in which the following notice is sent to us, is curious and interesting. It represents a copperhead snake upside down, or reversed; a wingless wasp rampant; with the motto, "*Private honor; public virtue; and the statute of Limitations.*"

The State Committee on the distribution of prizes for treason, rebellion, murder, and civil war, will meet upon the third day of June at such time and place as shall be hereafter announced. The Committee desire to offer a most fraternal and cordial welcome to all traitors; all members of lynching and vigilance committees; all superintendents of hanging, burning, quartering, and tearing by wild horses of Union men; all artificers in Union bone-work; and especially all murderers in cold blood of negroes; and to invite them respectfully to compete for the premiums, which will be adjusted by the following scale:

For a complete case of rebellion without cause, beginning by every kind of public and private dishonor, theft, fraud, and perjury; continued by terror, famine, and wholesale slaughter, involving the people in enormous loss of life and vast expense—either a restoration of the Union upon terms to be dictated by the authors of the rebellion, or separation with a view to reconstruction upon terms to be made entirely agreeable to the same gentlemen.

For any equally great, causeless, and bloody insurrection hereafter, the same premium will be presented.

For any partial effort in resisting the laws by force—a partial modification of them at the option of the insurrectionists.

For single cases of complete disobedience and forcible defiance of the law—a public dinner at the expense of Government.

For single cases of successful obstruction by fraud—a handsome bound copy of the statute of Limitations.

The Committee desire, in conclusion, to express the following fine sentiments:

We love anarchy. We will never willingly relinquish it. Its enemies are our enemies. To enforce the laws is unnatural. To punish people who steal our property and murder our fellow-citizens is fratricidal. The men in power are incompetent. What could be expected of people who turned out Buchanan? They are also fanatics. But we of the Committee, and Jeff Davis, and Robert Toombs are not in the least fanatical. They are also corrupt. Let us then hasten to recall Floyd, Cobb, and Plaquemine Slidell, the noblest Roman of them all; not forgetting, indeed, our worthy chairman, who has now for two years been wantonly and wickedly deprived of his rights in the Mayoralty of New York, and whose name, like that of our equally worthy secretary *pro tem.*, is the synonym of purity, incorruptibility, and political honor.

In view of these great truths, and aside from all loyal and honorable men, we know that the public voice demands that we shall be put in high places. We want this voice to find expression and to be heeded, for we are extremely anxious to get in. We go for a vigorous grinding of our own axes. And while we would submit to nothing that can injure our individual chances of power or advantage, we will gladly go as far as we think will pay in the abandonment of national honor, faith, and glory.

F. W., *Perpetual Chairman.*

J. B., *Secretary pro tem.*

SOLDIERS AND SAINTS.

STONEWALL JACKSON was evidently a soldier born. He may have been a saint also. But there is no relation, as some seem to suppose, between the two. A soldier as we understand, when he is in actual service, perceives and acts instinctively. There are certain movements to be made, certain points to carry, certain results to achieve, and those things the soldier, whether a good man or a bad one, knows how to do and succeeds in doing. His skill, his coolness, his daring, his rapidity, do not depend upon his faith in his cause.

They are in his temperament. Thus, for whatever cause he might be fighting, and however much or little he might believe in it, and however religious or irreligious he might be, General M'Clellan, for instance, would be cautious, slow, and apprehensive. Kearny, in like manner, would have been always dashing, impetuous, enthusiastic.

Religious faith, purity of character, love of home and country, may make a man persistent and patient, but they do not make him a skillful soldier. Marlborough was the falsest of Englishmen, but he led the British arms to incessant and splendid victory. William III. was one of the noblest and truest and bravest of men, but military success eluded him. Lafayette loved France with all his heart. He was a good man but a poor soldier. Napoleon loved himself and France for his own glory, but he loosed the French eagles in every heaven. It would be very hard to show that Marlborough or Napoleon would have been better soldiers if they had been religious men. Cromwell was a great general, not because he was a strict Puritan and pietist, but because he had military genius. John Bunyan was doubtless as sincerely pious as Cromwell; but he would hardly have saved England in the field.

Honesty is always admirable; but it is a two-edged sword. Philip II. was doubtless as honest as William of Orange; Servetus as honest as Calvin who burned him; Torquemada as honest as the Protestants he slaughtered. Let us respect honesty every where, but denounce and resist evil-doing. The honesty of a man who tries to destroy the foundation of civil society because its peaceful progress enlarges human liberty, is not so striking as his monstrous crime.

THE NEW SOLDIERS.

IN the Southwest ten colored regiments have been already formed, and General Thomas expects that ten more will be organized. General Butler had four such regiments in his command when he left Louisiana. General Banks is organizing a colored army corps. General Foster, in North Carolina, who was bitterly opposed to enrolling colored men, when he was caught in Washington armed three companies of them, and is now most anxious to have as many regiments as he can get. General Hunter, in South Carolina, whose colored force has seen service, commends them as hardy, brave, patient, and obedient. In the District of Columbia a regiment is forming. In Massachusetts there is one regiment ready, another is rapidly filling its ranks, and a most competent officer, General Wilde, has been designated to the command of a colored brigade which will probably rendezvous at Newbern.

These are the signs of the return of common sense to the nation, for there was a time, not very long ago, when, if there were any willingness to use the services of colored men at all, it was a general opinion that they must not be actual fighters. And yet great as is the stake of all of us in this war, it is peculiarly vital to the colored race, for it concerns their personal freedom and consequent social consideration, as well as their civil liberty. It was clear from the beginning of the rebellion that there could be but two classes of men in the country, the loyal and disloyal—those who were willing to fight for, and those who meant to fight against, the Government. To undertake the creation of a third class, consisting of those who were individually and collectively quite as much interested in the result as we, was one of the many foolish theories in which we indulged. What could be more absurd than to hail with joy the assistance of foreigners, many of whom could not even speak our language, and who could not be supposed to understand even their own interest in the war, and reject with scorn the strong hands of men whose right to themselves and their children was to be settled by the struggle? The war is not the battle of any particular race, or color, or nativity, for the American people is the most eclectic under heaven. It is the fight of all the people loyal to a Government which secures equal rights, against their fellow-citizens who would overthrow both rights and guarantee, and plant a despotism of privilege upon the ruins.

We do not claim for the colored regiments bravery superior to that of other soldiers. All we ask is that they shall have as fair a chance as any. They may not be especially heroic; but since Bull Run, in which Americans, Germans, and Irish fled in promiscuous panic, we have learned that valor is to be tested only by long and various observation. One negro at Hilton Head, after he enlisted and the regiment was ordered to Florida, ran home and hid himself in the chimney. He was pulled out, went with the rest, and was so cool, brave, and effective in actual battle that he was promoted to a sergeancy on the field. It would be idle to sneer at German soldiers because the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville were called "Dutchmen," for Frederick the Great fought with German soldiers. And if in some great battle the same panic which has at times overcome all our soldiers should seize the colored ranks, we bespeak for them the charity which has protected all the others.

MORE PEACE.

THE gentlemen who have signed the call for a convention to arrange the terms upon which men in armed rebellion against the laws will consent to obey them, have put themselves in a position which for a time, at least, separates them from the sympathy of loyal men. They say: "We think that the effort to sustain the Union by force of arms in the hands of those who now direct the Government has proved a failure." To this statement they sign their names and call for peace. Their sagacity is committed to the assertion that the war is a failure. Their ambition can be gratified only by the justification of that assertion. If that is false they are wrong; and they are not likely to be trusted with power by their fellow-citizens. Now most of the names signed to the call are totally unknown, but of the few who are known not one can be supposed to wish to be put in the wrong. Our success in the field would show that the war was not a failure, and bring their words to shame. Consequently from this time forward they desire the defeat of our armies. Their cry for peace comes to just this—that they hope the enemy will succeed in slaughtering and driving back the Union soldiers; that the nation may be so utterly dispirited and disgraced that it will ask the rebels what they want, and beg them, for pity's sake, to take it!

No wonder that to such a call there is not a single name attached which carries the least weight, or inspires the slightest confidence in any part of the State.

CAVALRY.

A FRIEND returned from rebel captivity speaks of the use made of cavalry from the beginning in the rebel armies. The conscript infantry are surrounded by the mounted "gentlemen" of the South, who relentlessly cut down all stragglers from the ranks. The same cavalry have dashed into our lines, have even ridden round our armies, and left a feeling of uneasiness and dread. For some inexplicable reason we have been hitherto indifferent to that most valuable branch of the service.

But at last a series of magnificent and incisive cavalry thrusts into the very heart of the rebellion have disclosed its hollowness, and inspired universal terror and despair. They are inestimable not only for the work of cutting communications and destroying supplies, but for the revelation of the fact that behind the military crust of this rebellion there is little substance. The thinly populated section is at the mercy of these bold and broad forays. Not a spot is secure, not a family is safe. The war they have so wantonly and wickedly invoked lays its red hand upon every rebel household. In vain the "gentlemen" whip in the "white trash;" the laborers "whom capital ought to own;" the poor, starved, ignorant, deluded masses of the South. The "gentlemen" must bethink them of their own snug estates, of their own cherished families, within their lines, indeed, but no longer safe from the far-reaching hand of justice and of war. Those conscript masses will also learn that the people of the North are not what they have been painted. They are not savages because they are intelligent; they are not brutes because they believe in civil order; they are not cowards because they are free. But they will learn also that in war such men are terrible.

In this week's paper there are two remarkable pictures of cavalry attacks, by Thomas Nast and Charles Parsons. The irresistible torrent of horse and rider sweeps devastating across the land. Woe to those and eternal infamy who raised the floodgates and let in desolation and death.

GIGNOUX'S PICTURE.

THE exhibition of Church's *Cotapaxi* at Goupil's rooms has closed, and Gignoux's *Sunrise in the Alps* is now to be seen there. It is by far the most important and successful work of his we have ever seen; and the subject is so pleasing, the treatment so thoughtful and skillful, that it can not fail of great popularity.

The picture is a "composition," like the *Heart of the Andes*. That is to say, it represents Switzerland, and no particular scene in Switzerland; so that whoever has seen the cliffs, the lakes, the mighty mountains, and the cold gleam of glaciers among sunny clouds, will sit and sit before this picture, and look and look, until all the beauty and the grandeur of that land, all its sublimity and terror, all its tenderness and romance, fill his mind once more, as when, long ago, he leaned upon his Alpen-stock, and, listening to some echoing jödel among the heights, gazed down upon Luzerne or the Four Cantons.

The fore-ground of the picture is a projecting point of the cliffs which overhang a lake, by the side of which we see the meadows far below us. The placid water fills the middle distance; and beyond it, on the opposite shore, the castellated precipices rise and catch the earliest sunlight on their tops. But the whole depth and distance are filled with the mountains tossed up to the sky and mingled with the clouds—a mass of infinite shadowy depth and variety, swelling vast and dark and mysterious from the lake up to shining fields of eternal snow. Whoever has looked from the Weissenstein in the Jura across the valley of the Aar to the Bernese Alps has seen this marvelous spectacle. It was Switzerland at a glance. It is the Switzerland that lives in memory forever.

Mr. Gignoux has reproduced the Swiss landscape with a freshness, freedom, and fidelity that justify and enhance his high reputation as one of our chief masters of landscape.

POLICY AND RIGHT.

In his late speech in Parliament Mr. Cobden shows England very clearly what risk she runs in provoking a war:

> "How many of the ships which float upon the salt water belong to British capitalists? The lowest estimate I have heard formed on the number of these vessels, as entered through the insurance offices in the city and other quarters, shows that we have upon an average from £100,000,000 to £120,000,000 sterling worth of the property of British capitalists on the seas. Rest assured no other country has £30,000,000 worth, and that you have as much property at stake upon the ocean as all the rest of the world put together. You have, moreover, 10,000,000 people in the year to feed upon food brought from foreign countries. You get three-fourths of the tea and four-fifths of the silk from China; more than one half of the tallow and hemp from Russia; there is more cotton, more wheat, more Indian corn brought to us than to any other country. You are so powerful here in your island home that you can set the world at defiance; but the moment you begin a war of reprisals your commerce is the most vulnerable of any. ["No, no!"] Honorable gentlemen who deny the truth of that statement do not understand the position of the commerce of England."

To these risks observers upon our side of the sea add the probable loss of Canada and troubles in Ireland.

But we must remember that wars are not waged or prevented by considerations of policy alone. The wisest statesman in England, Edmund Burke, was opposed to the American war simply upon the ground of expediency. "I am not here going into the discussion of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries." "My consideration is wholly limited to the policy of the question." These were his words. He thought the war inexpedient, but Britain went to war. So now the shrewdest statesman in England may show the impolicy of war as conclusively as Burke, and we may calculate the harm our privateers will inflict upon British commerce; but, for all that, Britain may still be willing to go to war.

If, then, whatever may be the right between us, we think a war is now inexpedient, it is our duty to refrain from provoking it. Such a course can not dishonor us. No man with both hands engaged is dishonored by declining another fight. Of course whoever tempts him to it opens an account for future settlement.

LITERARY.

"Grape Culture, Wine and Wine-making, with notes upon Agriculture and Horticulture," by A. Haraszthy, Commissioner to report on the improvement and culture of the vine in California, is the title of a very interesting and valuable book, a Cyclopedia of Wines and Wine-making, just published by the Harpers. Mr. Haraszthy is a Hungarian by birth, but a naturalized American citizen, and was sent out under admirable auspices, both individual and national, to make a tour of examination in Europe. The results of his travel and study are in this work.

"The American Publishers' Circular" in a new form, Vol. I., No. 1, to be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, is issued by G. W. Childs, Philadelphia. This is a most convenient and attractive literary gazette, and will be invaluable to all who wish to know exactly what new books there are, by whom they are published, what their character is, and what is the current gossip of literary circles.

Dr. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" is a treatise upon the law of progress in civilization, soon to be issued by the Harpers. The scope of the work is necessarily not unlike that of Buckle's History of Civilization; but it was nearly completed when Buckle's book appeared. Such a work is like an egg. It must be excellent or it is worthless. But Dr. Draper has already established his position as a scholar and thinker, and his history will be a remarkable contribution to literature.

At last Englishmen begin to see how humiliating for them Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" is. That the brilliancy of the book should have blinded them at first to what is conspicuous in it to all the rest of the world is surprising. But the Edinburgh *Review* opens upon him fiercely. It is pained to think how he has traduced the noble Gallic cock which is so fraternally allied to the British lion. And certainly Kinglake has brought the present wearer of that gorgeous plumage to the bar of the world. But he does not traduce France. He exposes what he thinks the conspiracy which has stolen the name of France, and by murdering, imprisoning, and exiling leading soldiers and statesmen, by absolutely controlling the press, and by a perfect system of espionage, succeeds in holding France subject to its will. Louis Napoleon was said to have muttered, "*C'est ignoble*," when he had read it; and no copy of the work, and no notice of it or extract from it, is permitted in France. If it is true, it *is*, indeed, a portrait of the celebrated British lion which makes him ignoble indeed.

Mr. Edmund Kirke, a mask of which the secret has been well kept, has written another work upon Southern life, "My Southern Friends," published by Carleton. His previous book, "Among the Pines," is one of the most vivid pictures ever drawn of the melancholy condition of a society founded in the nineteenth century upon principles and systems which even the eighteenth century had long outgrown, and which Christian civilization repudiates. "My Southern Friends" is a supplementary sketch of the same interest of subject and vigor of treatment.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Walter Russell Johnston, the young organist at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, has composed a very pleasing and richly-harmonized "Ave Maria," published by Pond & Co., which we cordially commend to our readers who are looking for a new and interesting "piece."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NICE SPRING BONNET.

Cutlets and other forms of meat are sometimes dressed *à la Jardinière*. So are bonnets, according to the ensuing entry in *Le Follet:*

> "An elegant Leghorn bonnet was edged with green ribbon. On this ribbon, which was quite flat, were placed here and there cherries, fastened together two by two, and falling so as to form a bunch. At the edge of the front a large bouquet of real corn."

The idea of this elegant bonnet suggests various reflections. If the cherries adorning it were real, as well as the corn, the fair wearer would be much run after; chiefly, however, by pursuers whom she might not much care about—the boys. Decorated with real fruits and vegetables, the bonnet *à la Jardinière*, might suggest the inquiry:

"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your bonnet grow?"

There would be no difficulty in trimming a bonnet with mustard and cress, grown in a strip of moist flannel, or plush; and thus this new thing in bonnets might be nicely fringed all round the front with a border of salad. It would look sweetly pretty, and the trimming would be soon fit to cut; and then some days would have to elapse before another could be grown. In the mean time a new bonnet would be immediately necessary; which would be just the thing for the majority of young ladies.

* * *

Boyish Freak.—The other day a carpenter's son, aged six years, who had been left alone in his father's work-shop, was disturbed while engaged in the painful operation of screwing up his eyes. He was immediately taken to a surgeon.

* * *

Curious Metamorphosis.—Wonders will never cease! the other day we heard that "a horse was turned into a stable!" and this is the boasted Nineteenth Century.

* * *

"Was your son engaged before he went to the war?" asked Mrs. Rugg of a neighbor.

"No, but he has had several engagements since," she replied.

* * *

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I. was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the King to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son then must reign by candle-light."

* * *

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark?—Because she had *sufficient ground* for remaining.

* * *

"Good-morning, Mr. Jenkins! Where have you kept yourself this long time?"

"Kept myself! I don't keep myself—I board on credit!"

* * *

"Prevention is better than cure," as the pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the butcher.

* * *

"Too big for his business," as the lady said to the sweep who stuck in the chimney.

* * *

When a fiddler poisons himself with laudanum he may be said to have had too much of the *base vial*.

* * *

Bad English.—Swearing.

* * *

An Irishman recently handed in to the Telegraph Office a dispatch intended to inform another Emeralder, employed upon the public works in a neighboring town, of the decease of a friend. It reads thus: "Barney, come home; I died last night."

* * *

A leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

* * *

Consoling.—Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been such a fool.

* * *

A gentleman at table remarked that he could not endure fish unless it was well cooked. "This," said the waiter (as he handed him a plate of the desired dish), "is, I hope, suf-fish-ciently cooked to suit, Sir?" "Well, yes," replied the gentleman, as he tasted it, "it is done a good eel better than I anticipated it would be."

* * *

"Who is that with Miss Flint?" "Oh, that is a spark which she has struck," said a wag.

* * *

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a gentleman to a little urchin, whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his door-step. "'Cause he sends me to take it."

* * *

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

* * *

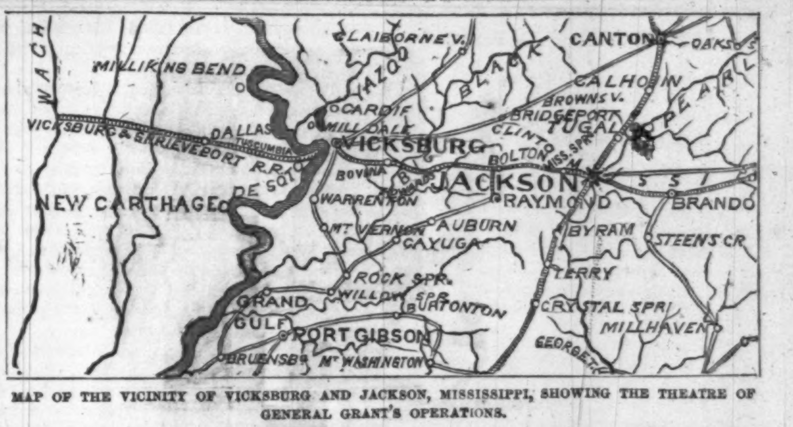
"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, Sir." "Yes, that is your Christian name; but what is your other name?" "Bob, Sir."

* * *

"Sally," said a swain to his intended, "give me a kiss, will you?" "No, I sha'n't," said Sally, "help yourself."

* * *

A consumptive man has a hollow cough, but a bankrupt merchant has a hollow coffer.



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF VICKSBURG AND JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CAPTURE OF JACKSON.

The capture of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, by the Union army of General Grant, is fully confirmed by the admission of the Vicksburg and Jackson papers, and by dispatches from Mobile and Chattanooga. General Hurlbut telegraphs from Cairo to General Halleck that this fact is stated by the above authorities. The rebel General Gregg abandoned Raymond on Tuesday, the 12th. On the next day he was reinforced by General Walker, of Georgia, at Mississippi Springs; but their combined forces were driven back to Jackson on Thursday. Our troops then followed and took possession of the city from the east. General Joe Johnston arrived at Jackson the day previous, but pushed on with three brigades toward Vicksburg. General Grant at last accounts had struck the railroad at Edward's Station, about eighteen miles from Vicksburg.

TELEGRAMS FROM GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant, under date of May 11, telegraphed to General Halleck as follows:

"My force will be this evening as far advanced along Fourteen Mile Creek, the left near Black River, and extending in a line nearly east and west, as they can get without bringing on a general engagement.

"I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more, except it becomes necessary to send a train with a heavy escort.

"You may not hear from me again for several days."

General Grant also telegraphed General Halleck, from Raymond, Mississippi, on the 14th instant, as follows:

"M'Pherson took this place on the 12th inst., after a brisk fight of more than two hours.

"Our loss was fifty-one killed and one hundred and eighty wounded. The enemy's loss was seventy-five killed (buried by us) and one hundred and eighty-six prisoners captured, besides the wounded.

"M'Pherson is now at Clinton. General Sherman is on the direct Jackson road, and General M'Clernand is bringing up the rear.

"I will attack the State capital to-day."

RUMORED EVACUATION OF VICKSBURG.

The following is a telegram from General Hurlbut, dated Memphis, and received at Washington on 19th:

General Grant has taken Jackson. The Capitol is burned.

From five to ten thousand mounted men are concentrated near Okolona, threatening an advance in the direction of the Memphis Railroad.

A citizen just up from Jackson reports that *the enemy abandoned Vicksburg on Sunday*, marching on the ridge northeast to Livingston, which is twenty miles northwest of Jackson.

COLONEL GRIERSON'S CAVALRY RAID.

The cavalry raid of Colonel Grierson with his gallant Illinois cavalry was a magnificent success. He cut his way through the enemy's country with two regiments of cavalry, destroying on his route four millions of rebel property, capturing over a thousand men and twelve hundred horses, demolishing a camp of instruction with all its equipments, cutting the communication on the Great Northern and New Orleans and Jackson railroads, and destroying a large number of cars, telegraph-wire, water-tanks, and army stores. After passing through many dangers and working terrible damage he arrived at Baton Rouge on the 1st inst., to the great surprise of the inhabitants. From thence he pushed on to New Orleans, where he was received with great *éclat*. The whole movement only occupied seventeen days.

ANOTHER CAVALRY DASH.

A dispatch received from the commandant of the Tennessee division of the Mississippi squadron—S. L. Phelps—states that Colonel Breckinridge, of the First West Tennessee cavalry, with fifty-five men, dashed across the country from the Tennessee River to Linden, on the 12th inst., and surprised a rebel force more than twice his number, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Frierson, a captain, one surgeon, four lieutenants, thirty rebel soldiers, ten conscripts, fifty horses, two army wagons, arms, etc. The court-house, which was the rebel dépôt, was burned, with a quantity of army supplies. The troops, with their prisoners, returned on board the gun-boats.

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA.

We have accounts of the capture of Alexandria, on the Red River, by Admiral Porter.

REBEL DEMONSTRATION IN KENTUCKY.

The rebels are making a demonstration in Kentucky. Dispatches from Cincinnati, dated 18th, say that the rebel force in Wayne and Clinton counties is increasing. They are said to have seventeen thousand men and fourteen pieces of artillery. Four rebel regiments of infantry have passed through Jamestown, and twenty-four more regiments are reported at Morristown, East Tennessee. General Buckner is said to be at Clinton. There are rebel pickets on the Cumberland River at every available point. A letter from Richmond, Kentucky, says that the rebels have crossed the Cumberland, which is rapidly falling. These movements are regarded as indications of an attempt to outflank General Rosecrans at Murfreesboro.

A REBEL RAID.

The movements of the rebel General Mosby, with his cavalry, in Virginia, continue to create some solicitude. It is said that he has descended the valley of the Shenandoah with a force of 800 men, and is making forays through the country northward, probably with a view to cut the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At last accounts he was in the mountains in Loudon County, in the vicinity of Lovettsville, and his movements tending toward Leesburg.

HOW OUR PRISONERS FARE IN DIXIE.

That brute, Captain Turner, a few days ago had charge of some of our prisoners from Richmond to City Point, and caused a man of the 119th Pennsylvania to be bayoneted because he could proceed no further. The villain would not give the poor fellow even a drink of water. A soldier of an Ohio regiment, taken at Rome, Georgia, was shot on Wednesday while reaching for a cracker at Belle Isle Prison. Our prisoners were compelled to walk from their places of capture at Fredericksburg to Richmond, thence to City Point. Some gave out on the march. A member of the 20th New York regiment died on the route.

DOINGS OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

The first rebel Congress went out of existence at Richmond at ten o'clock on the night of the 1st instant. The most important measures passed during the session were a Taxation act for the support of the Government, the army, and the navy; a Currency act, to promote the funding of Confederate notes in Confederate Bonds; the Impressment act, to authorize the seizure of all produce for army use; an act to organize a general staff for the army; the formation of a new flag, and the adoption of a new seal. The bill making it a penal offense to buy, sell, or circulate United States bonds and Treasury notes, or "greenbacks," was rejected in the Senate on the ground that the Constitution did not authorize Congress to provide any punishment for the crime which the House bill created. The acts providing for the election of members of Congress by general ticket, to authorize the conscription of resident foreigners, and for the repeal of all naturalization laws, were also rejected. The joint resolutions offering terms of peace to the Northwestern loyal States were defeated in both Houses.

A BLACK ARMY CORPS.

General Banks has issued an order proposing the formation of an entire army corps of blacks, to be called the Corps d'Afrique.

THE SENTENCE OF VALLANDIGHAM.

Mr. Vallandigham has been sentenced to close imprisonment during the war in Fort Warren. This is the decision of the Court-Martial, as approved by General Burnside, but is, of course, subject to the judgment of the President.

MEETINGS TO PROTEST AGAINST IT.

A meeting to protest against the condemnation and sentence of Mr. Vallandigham was held at Albany on 16th. Some very strong speeches were made, and resolutions were adopted denouncing the arrest as an unwarrantable assumption of military power. Governor Seymour sent a letter to the meeting characterizing the arrest as "an act which has brought dishonor upon our country, which is full of danger to our persons and our homes, and which bears upon its front conscious violation of law and justice." A similar meeting was held here on 18th under the auspices of Fernando Wood. It proved a fizzle.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. ADAMS'S SPEECH TO THE TRADE UNIONS.

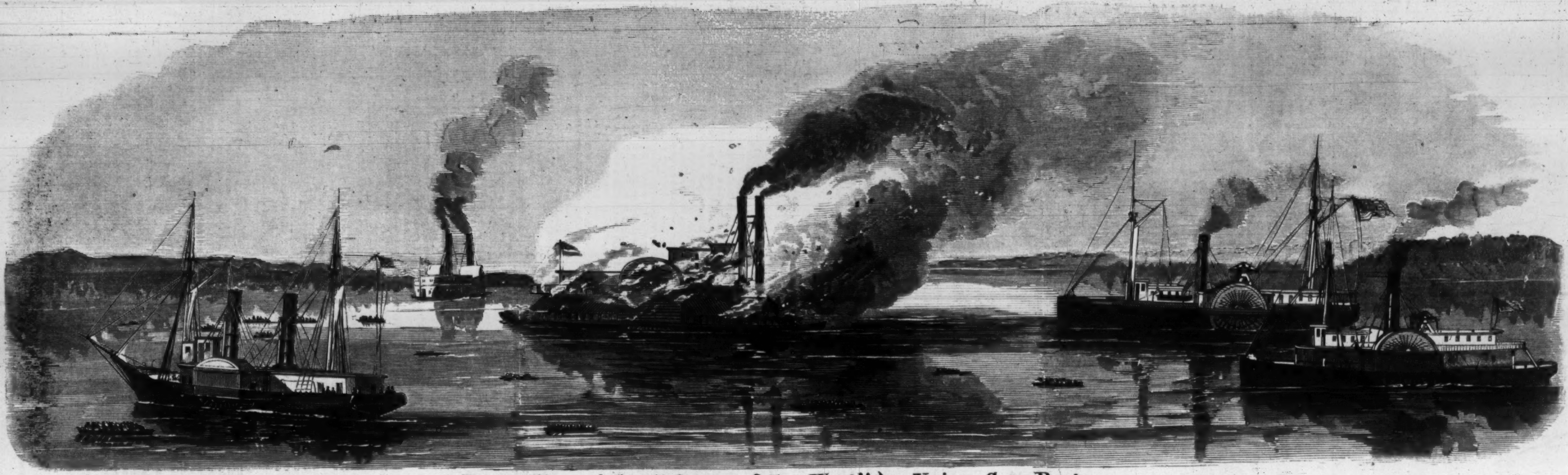
On the 2d instant a deputation of the Trades Unionists waited upon Mr. Adams, the American Minister, to present the address recently adopted at a public meeting of that body, sympathizing with the North, and applauding President Lincoln for his Emancipation policy. Mr. Bright introduced the deputation and made a few remarks. Speeches were also made by several members of the deputation.

Mr. Adams having expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so numerous a deputation of working-men before him, said: "Gentlemen, I accept with pleasure the duty you have imposed upon me in receiving your address to Mr. Lincoln. Representing, as I do, my country in England, you must be aware that I stand outside all local questions; therefore it is not my province to express dissatisfaction or satisfaction with those persons in England who express their opinions upon America. If there are any in this country who put a harsh construction on the conduct of the American Government, it is not my place to find fault or my right to criticise. It is my duty, however, to accept from the representatives of any body of Englishmen the favorable sentiments toward the Government I represent, and to reciprocate the frank, manly, and independent spirit in which they have been tendered. I understand, gentlemen, you attend here as representing large bodies of working-men, who advocate and uphold the rights of labor; and it is, therefore, but natural you should look with dislike upon any parties, in whatever countries they may exist, who infringe on those rights. You perceive that in the struggle now going on an attempt is made to establish a Government on the destruction of the rights of labor—a Government of physical power to take away the rights of labor. It is a question above all local right; it is a general principle, and therefore, though taking place in a foreign country, you have a right to express your opinion thereon. I accept the duty you impose on me with great pleasure, the more so as you have taken advantage of the occasion to speak on the question of war. I agree with your views. With two nations of the same race, of the same high spirit, both feeling proud of their superiority on the ocean, under present circumstances it would be indeed surprising if something should not spring up on that ocean which might occasion collision. I concur with you, gentlemen, as to the great forbearance which ought to be exhibited by both countries in construing the actions of each other. I trust that, in spite of all that has occurred, there is in the Government of each country a sufficient sense of responsibility, which will induce them to maintain friendly relations with each other. There must naturally be a feeling of pride, of fear lest one nation should appear to refrain from properly resenting what it might deem to be an offense, and in this lies the great danger. I feel confident, however, that if the two peoples of the two Governments would speak together in the same sense, in the same frank and unreserved terms as you have spoken to me this evening, all fear of any collision would be at an end. [Hear, hear.] I can assure you that, notwithstanding the speeches of some of my countrymen, notwithstanding the writings in some American journals, there is no nation under the sun for which America entertains a greater regard than England; and if the real sentiments of the people of each country can be clearly established to each other, I shall have no fear of their coming into collision. [Cheers.] I believe, gentlemen, you have taken the right course to produce this desirable understanding, and I shall undertake with great pleasure the duty of at once transmitting your address to President Lincoln." [Cheers.]

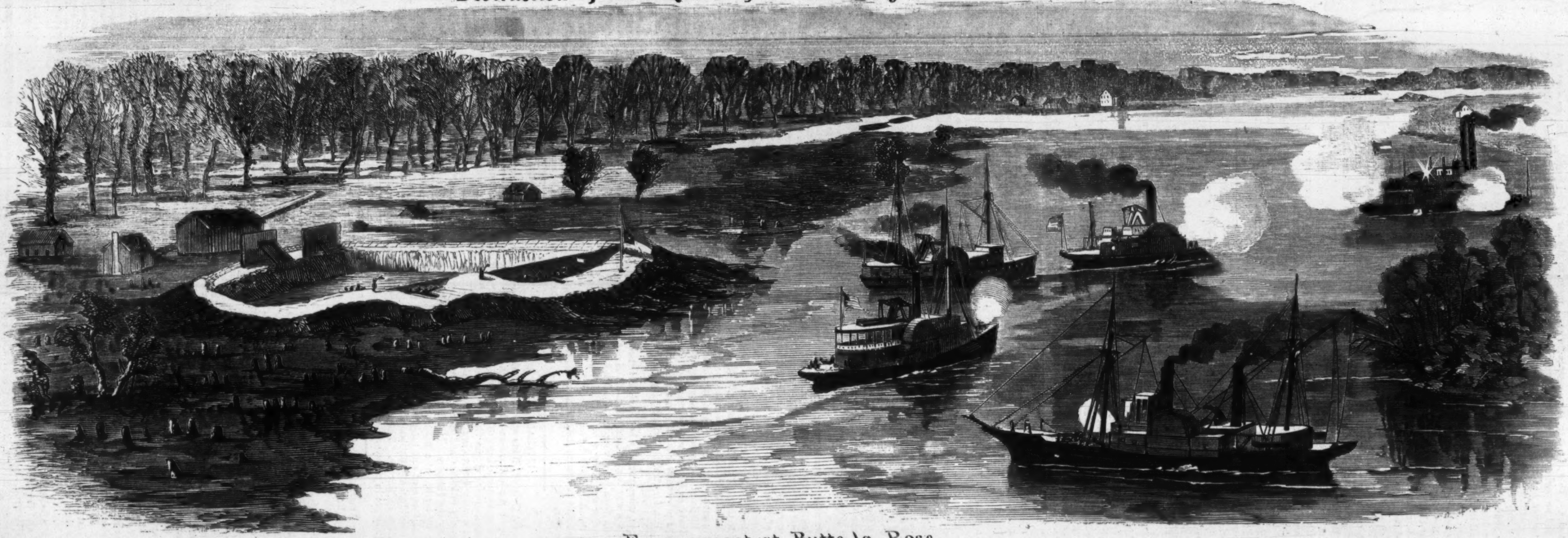
RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

The Russian replies to the notes of England, France, Spain, Italy, and Sweden, on the Polish question, had been received. Prince Gortchakoff defines the position of the Czar, both toward Poland and all her western friends, substantially in the state-papers addressed to England and France. In both of those countries the reply gave satisfaction; but the London press was of opinion that the one forwarded to the Cabinet of St. James was not just as explicit with respect to promises of reforms for Poland as was desired. The Paris *Moniteur* of the 5th instant says: "It is easy to be convinced, upon reading these documents, that they open a path to projects of conciliation, and that they contain the bases of negotiations likely to lead to a common understanding between the different Courts now seeking the means of upholding the legitimate interests of Poland."

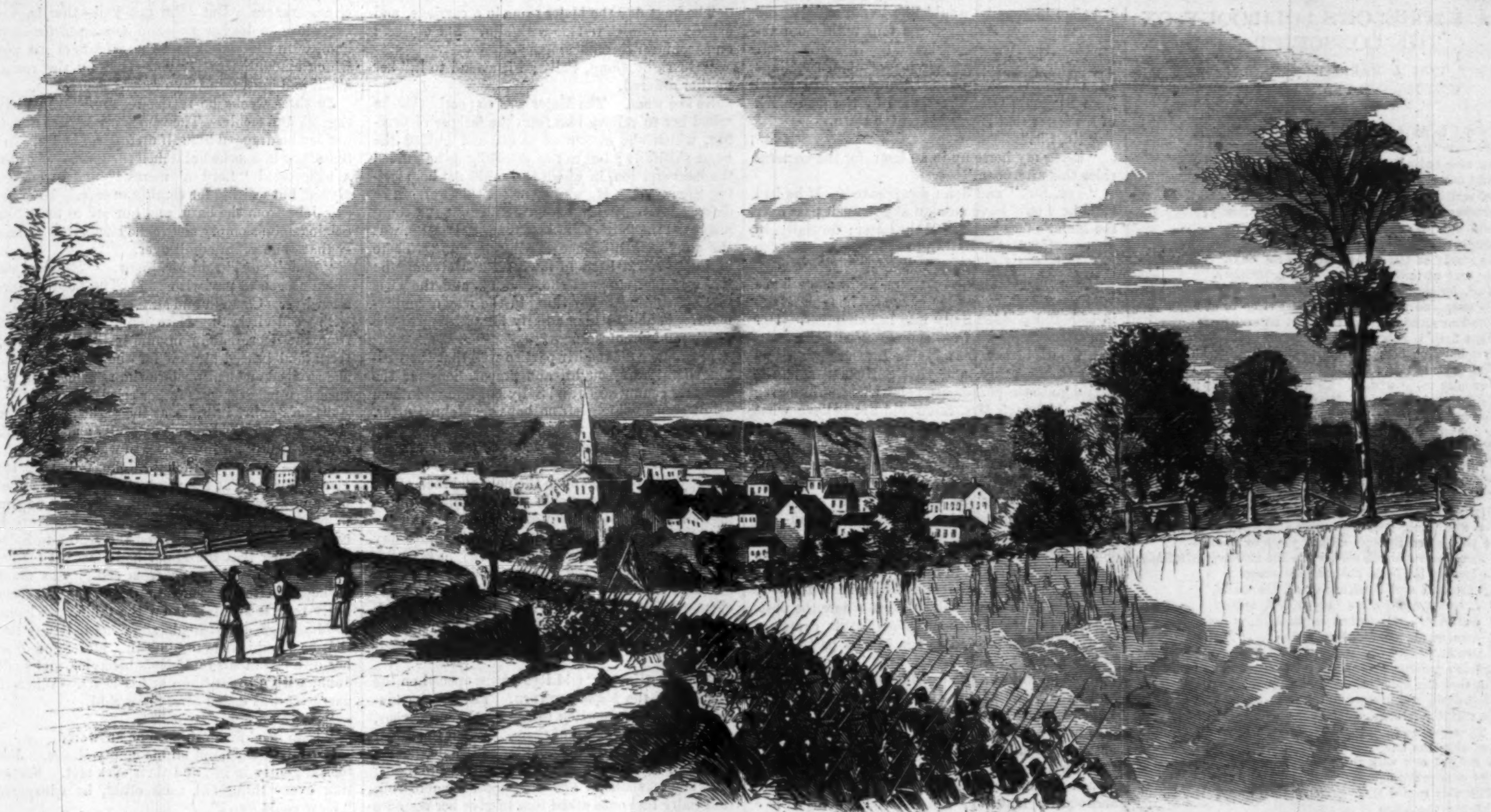


Destruction of the "Queen of the West" by Union Gun-Boats.

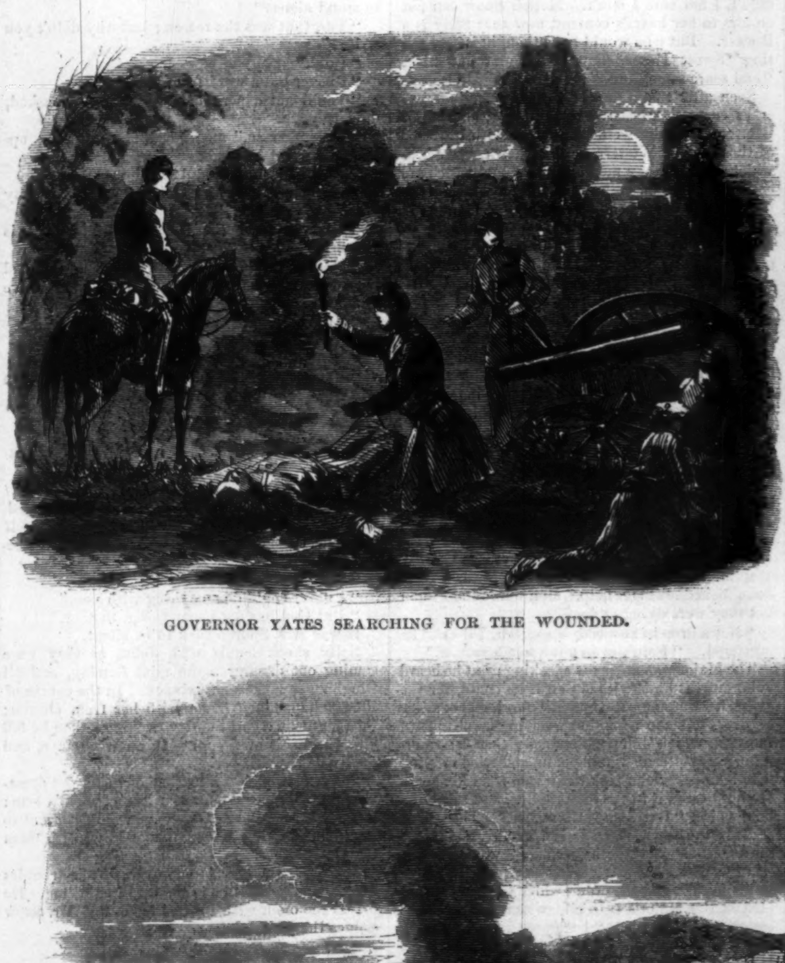


Engagement at Butte la Rose.

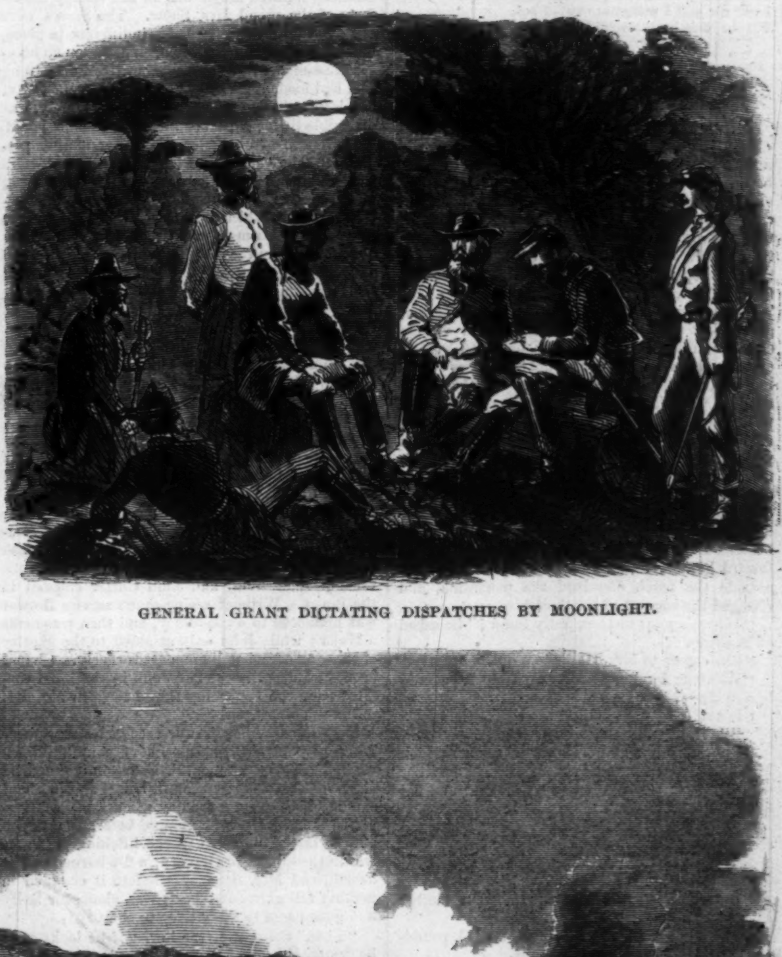
BANKS'S CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA.—Sketched by Mr. H. Holtz.—[See Page 337.]



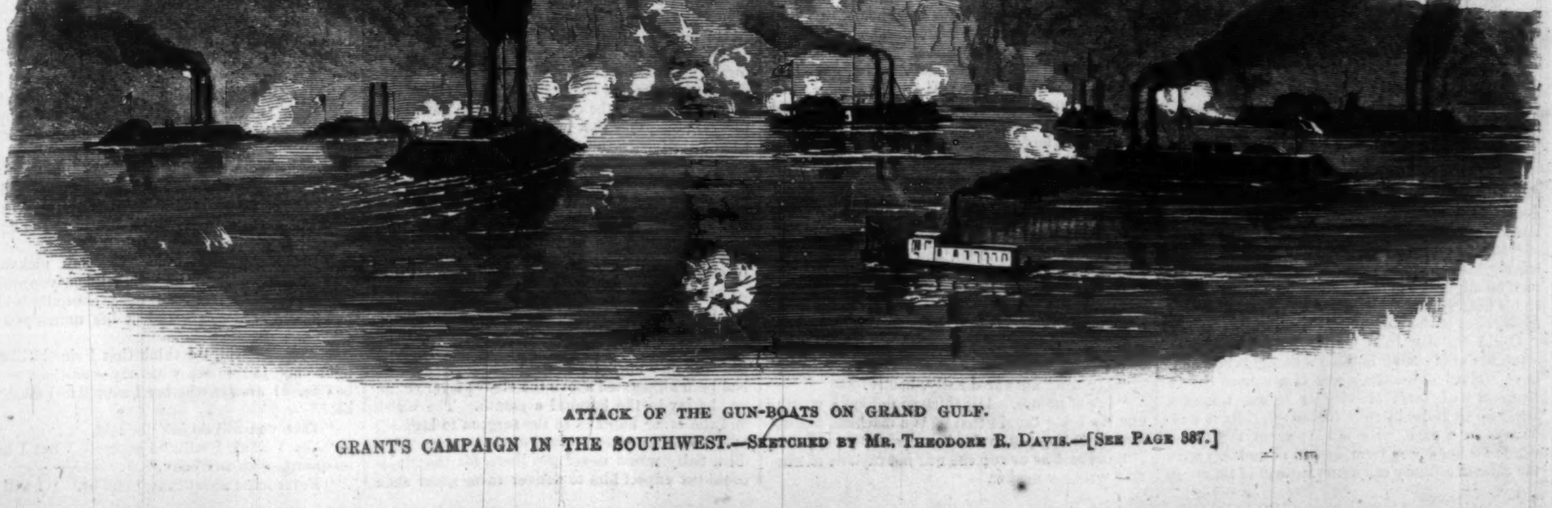
GENERAL LOGAN ENTERING PORT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI.



GOVERNOR YATES SEARCHING FOR THE WOUNDED.



GENERAL GRANT DICTATING DISPATCHES BY MOONLIGHT.



ATTACK OF THE GUN-BOATS ON GRAND GULF.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 337.]

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CONSCRIPT ACT,

BY WHICH A MARRIED MAN OF MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD IS EXEMPT.

To be,
Or not to be, a *conscript?* is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to marry—
An able-bodied man of six-and-thirty—
And enter upon the dread uncertainty
Of matrimonial life with all its accidents,
Perchance a fretful wife, a numerous family,
And bills interminable of grocer, baker,
Butcher, and doctor (for such things will follow,
As surely as the night succeeds the day),
Or take up arms against a sea of traitors,
And, by opposing, end them all?—To marry—
To sleep—no more. And by that sleep to end
The heartache and the thousand natural fears
That flesh is heir to on the field of battle—
The bursting bomb-shell, and the whistling bullet—
The bayonet charge;—it were a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep what horrible dreams may come—
A Country murdered through my negligence—
What terrible *lectures* may assail me there
By her who hath a legal right to "*Caudle*" me,
When thus, by *marrying*, I have 'scaped the "DRAFT,"
Must give me pause: There's the respect
That makes calamity of such a life.
For who would bear the whips and scorn of time,
Be pointed at through all the years to come:—
"*There goes a sneak who, when his Country called him*
To bravely battle in the glorious cause
Of Freedom and the Hope of all the world,
Hid, like a treacherous Copperhead, behind
A petticoat!—Who, when he might have been
A hero in the final victory
Where Right and Union vanquished Wrong and Treason,
Did his quietus make with a—bare woman!"
But that the dread of something in the South,
That dark, rebellious country from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will.
Thus *marrying* does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.
Soft you now!
My Country calls. She, whom of all I know
Most worthy to be loved, is whispering—"Go!"
I go; nor will I press the nuptial bed
Till she, who loves me, with a warrior wed.

SALLY'S CHOICE.

THE colored frame of the open window so set off Sally's yellow hair that it was a pity there did not pass a traveling portrait-painter that September afternoon. The house was silent; it was silent out of doors; and Sally was involved in mental contemplation. Within her view were two roads, which at present were traversed neither by pedestrian nor rider. One of these roads ran through the fields opposite the house—level, straight, and filled with the blinding rays of the setting sun. The other crookedly descended past the garden gate till it made a sudden turn into the village street, a mile distant. It was obscured by tall sycamores and willows which hid the houses standing behind them, and which were already in the shade of twilight. With her mind's eye Sally saw, toiling up the crooked road, along by the trees, a soldier in a blue jacket, leather belt which had a pistol-case, and a cap which was pulled over his forehead. She turned from the vision with a start, as though it were a reality, and looked down the other road. With her mind's eye she suddenly beheld another vision. An officer with flashing buttons and shoulder-straps was strolling leisurely toward her. At this moment her father's voice outside the porch dissolved the panorama, and changed the current of her thoughts.

"Where's your mother, Sally Snow?" he asked on entering.

"She's gone to Mrs. Hall's to a quilting party."

"What am I going to do for my supper, I should like to know?"

"It's all ready but boiling the tea-kettle."

"Bile it, then."

Sally made tea; and taking off the cover which Mrs. Snow had over the viands arranged by her own hands previous to her departure, she and her father took seats at the table.

"Only sour sass, dough-nuts, custard pie, and riz cake!" said Mr. Snow, discontentedly.

She made no reply.

"Ain't there some cold chicken?"

"Just enough for dinner to-morrow, mother said."

"Fetch out the chicken!" he demanded, pounding the table with his knife-handle.

She brought it from the pantry and Mr. Snow demolished it.

"The dog will have something now, and your mother will be none the wiser. It's beyond me why she hates dogs so."

"You are afraid of mother," said Sally, hotly.

"Take care, darter, take care!" replied Snow, throwing a bone on the clean floor.

"You are; and so am I."

"I declare," he exclaimed, rising, "I do perceive that the days begin to shorten! I'll have to hurry up with my chores."

"You know well, father, that mother means to make me marry Major Brewer; and you know you don't dare to put your foot down that I sha'n't. I like somebody else better—you know that too."

"Reely! reely! reely!" said Snow, despairingly, seizing his old hat and slapping it against the wall, as if he might shake out of it the idea that was not in his head; but nothing came of it, and he edged himself out of the house.

Could Orderly John Cutter have known that afternoon of his being in Sally's thoughts he would have walked down the street of a canvas city in Virginia with more alacrity as he was taking a letter up to Major Brewer's quarters. As it was, he was in a rage. He must present the letter, which he knew was from her, in accordance with the rules of military etiquette, instead of thrusting it before him, as he would like to do, and demand satisfaction. He entered the tent with more abruptness than was needful, and tendered the letter. The Major, in entire ignorance of John's feelings toward Sally, kindly asked him if he had heard from Bingham lately, reminded by the post-mark of the letter that it was his native town.

"No, Sir."

"Bring my horse up in an hour, for the General rides this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir;" and John disappeared. If he had staid he would have seen an angry flush pass over the Major's face as he read the letter; for Sally, in a postscript, had asked him to give her respects to her old friend John Cutter.

Between seven and eight Mrs. Snow came home very cross, and scolded Mr. Snow till he took refuge in bed, and scolded Sally into her chamber. Her crossness originated from some gossip at the quilting, who told her that Major Brewer drank terribly in the army, and that Sally had said she would go to the poor-house before she would marry him. Although Mrs. Snow did not believe what she had heard, she was irritated enough by the report to write Major Brewer that very night, advising him of it, and recommending him to get leave of absence, if possible. In the stillness of that same night John Cutter penned an eloquent epistle to Sally, which contained the offer of his hand—his heart she had long possessed—but it never reached her. But Major Brewer's letter came safely to hand, and was taken to him by John himself. To do Mrs. Snow justice, it was by accident that she happened to be in the village store where the post-office was located when John's letter came for Sally, and was handed to her by the postmaster. When she got home she threw it in the fire with its seal unbroken: she had her own code of right and wrong, and adhered to it faithfully. She believed it was right for her to take Sally's destiny into her own hands; she knew what Sally wanted better than Sally herself. Major Brewer belonged to the highest family in the county. The Brewers owned the most wood-land, and lived in a square, aristocratic mansion, which stood by itself five miles out of Bingham. To overcome the proverbial inaccessibility of the family by an alliance with the good-natured Major was an act worthy the efforts of the proud Mrs. Snow. The Snows were Nobody—open-mouthed, easy, indifferent to place, and ignorant. Mrs. Snow herself had been an humble dress-maker; but ability, courage, and a strong will had made a place for her in Bingham. Sally, alas! though handsome, agreeable, and lively, was a terrible little plebeian, and gave no indication of the strength of character which her mother possessed. The year before the war broke out John Cutter fell in love with her at the dancing-school, and she returned his passion. A shy, rustic courtship went on, which was only discovered by the sharp eyes of her mother. Although John was only an apprentice in the Bingham ship-yard, Sally had a vague faith that things would come out right somehow, and that they would be happy years hence. With this idea she suffered herself to be led by her mother in reference to Major Brewer, who was an older acquaintance than John, and whose intercourse with the family was unknown to his own relations. Major Brewer, who was more than thirty, was still without a profession, or any business whatever. The day he rode over to Mr. Snow's to get his signature to some paper regarding a sale of land, a definite purpose came into his head for the first time, and that purpose was to fall in love with Sally. He was adroitly aided by Mrs. Snow, who entrapped him far more than Sally did, who received his attentions passively. At the commencement of the war, Brewer obtained through the family influence a staff appointment, with the rank of Lieutenant, and John Cutter enlisted in the ranks. Without seeing much service Brewer was promoted to a Captaincy, and then was made a Major; while John only attained to the dignity of being an occasionally mounted orderly. Chance brought Major Brewer and John in continual contact; from the beginning they had been attached to the same post.

Soon after Major Brewer received Mrs. Snow's letter he had a slight attack of jaundice, upon which he obtained a month's leave, on the medical director's certificate, and went home, and in about a month's time from the day when Sally contemplated the two roads he stopped before the garden gate to fasten his horse to the hitching-post. It was in the middle of October; a fire burned on the hearth, and Mrs. Snow was before it engaged in making fall garments. She was alone, for Sally had gone down to the village to shop.

"Now," thought Mrs. Snow, "if he looks as if he drank, I'll give him up." But he did not look as if he did; he was yellow, his voice was weak, and he seemed inclined to be feeble. Not a word was said about Sally. They talked about the war, and about Bingham, till she came home, rosy and animated, with several bundles. The Major grew more yellow as he rose to meet her, and his voice faltered so, that Sally, in her surprise, gave him quite a cordial welcome. He staid a short time after her arrival, and, when he went away, said that it was doubtful when he should be able to come again, he felt so miserably.

"He'll be at home a long time," said Mrs. Snow, prophetically.

"What ails him?" asked Sally.

"He's consumptive, I reckon; they all get sick sooner or later."

Sally thought of John, and wondered whether he was sick. He must be, for none of his friends in the village had heard from him in a long time. She sighed.

"What are you sighing for?" asked Mrs. Snow.

"For the soldiers."

"The whole of 'em?"

"For one," answered Sally, boldly.

"It's of no use. His thirteen dollars a month, and his being taught that he is a machine, has demoralized him before this."

Sally said no more; she was not capable of warring with her mother.

The next day the Major came in a carriage, and asked Sally to go to ride with him. She objected on account of the churning.

"Go right along, Sally; I'll attend to it," her mother ordered.

So she went. The Major was so poorly that he asked her to relieve him from the fatigue of driving, which she consented to do, and guided the horse skillfully; but not so skillfully as he guided the conversation, in which she could not help feeling interested. He was so meek, this warrior, so deferential, and withal so grateful, that she could not resist the flattery of his manner. Besides, was she not the favored one of all Bingham? There had not been a beau in town for a twelvemonth; the war had stripped the country, and the girls had been minus every thing in the way of amusement. Who can blame Sally for yielding to the pressure of circumstances?

Mrs. Snow played her part so well that the wedding dress was bought, and preparations for the wedding commenced, and Sally bewildered into an acquiescence which left no hope for John Cutter. No sooner, however, was the wedding-day set than Sally, owing to the contrariety of the mind, began to be occupied and lulled with dreams of what might yet happen between the now and then of the marriage-day, which would turn the Major into a myth, and the day into an impossibility. But the wedding came off, and on the twenty-eighth day of his leave the Major was on his way to his post, and Sally resumed the life she had left the day he came home, without comprehending any great change in her destiny. Mr. Snow often said, "Reely!" when he looked at her; and Mrs. Snow silently wondered at her quietness and indifference.

A few bottles of "Old Rye" were opened on the occasion of the Major's return. The congratulations were, in proportion to the drinks, numerous, and John Cutter heard of them. When the Major first saw John he looked at him as if he expected he would say something of his visit to Bingham; but John was silent; and the Major, remembering that Sally had once asked him to give her respects to John Cutter, was silent too.

"Who cares?" said John to himself; "if she didn't, I am sure I don't. Mother Snow can put on airs to her heart's content, now that Sally is a Brewer. But who would have thought it? Let's sing 'Sweet Home,' boys," he burst out with, "and scare something."

Soon after this a part of the commanding general's corps was ordered to the West, and Major Brewer and John were transferred with it. One of those vague Western battles then occurred, in which a great many men are killed, and which are called victories on both sides, and for which victories both the commanding generals are removed; and the Major and John were concerned in it. Both were mounted that day, the Major in anticipation of taking some important order, and John with no anticipation at all; but he had two loaded pistols in his belt, which he intended to use. When the fight was hottest, and John's spirits were the highest—for he had reason to suppose that from behind General R—— he had picked off an officer—he saw a sight which made him reel in his saddle. It was Major Brewer lying under his horse, who had been struck with a shell. John dismounted and ran to him.

"I'll have you out of this in no time, Brewer," he said.

"I am done for," answered the Major. "Don't let me be trampled on."

The horse made a final struggle, and raised himself so that John pulled the Major from under him. His thigh was crushed, and his back was torn by a splinter of the shell. The Major was dying. John looked afield for help. Men were round him; but they were dying or dead.

"Not a drop in any body's canteen, I'll bet," he muttered. "I ain't even got a handkerchief."

The Major was now past speaking; but he heard John entreat him to "hold on if he could, for the surgeons were down yonder," for he shook his head. He made a motion with his hand toward the east, which John understood; then he tremblingly grasped his watch-chain, and tried to bring it to his lips. John took the watch from his pocket and pressed it to the Major's lips, and said, in a loud voice, "I will take it to her." The Major smiled; the smile was his last earthly effort, for his breath stopped with it, and he was with the "brave who sink to rest." John put the watch in his pocket, and the order, which he found crumpled in the Major's belt, and which had been the means of his death. "I suppose I ought to take a lock of his hair," said John, taking out his jack-knife. But he did not get one, for a ball struck him on the elbow, which sent the knife spinning and shattered his arm to pieces.

"By George!" he shouted, "I never thought of being shot!"

He fainted presently, and dropped beside the Major, where he was found, picked up, and taken away. The body of the Major was taken home; and Mrs. Snow had the gratification of riding in a carriage as one of the chief mourners in the largest funeral procession that had ever been seen in the county. Her gratification was alloyed, however, by the manners of the Brewer family toward Sally. They signified that, as the Major was dead, all connection between her and his family was at an end. The bitterest tears Mrs. Snow did not shed at the funeral, but afterward, when she revolved in her mind the failure of her plans. Sally made no pretense of grief, but she was sobered by the event. She looked down the road often, but no one could tell what her thoughts were.

Nothing, meantime, had been heard of John Cutter. The hand which should have guided the pen was now no more in his possession; his arm had been amputated above the elbow, fever set in, and he lay in the hospital a month. The watch and the order he gave to the surgeon to keep till he got well, but said nothing of the owner. If he died, Sally would never get them, for the Major could not expect him to deliver them under such circumstances. But John got well—that is, well enough to be discharged—and he started for Bingham, with the watch, and the arrears of his pay, which amounted to forty dollars, by the roundabout and uncertain way of a transport.

In three weeks he reached home, gaunt, dirty, ragged, and feeble. The very hour almost that he arrived he dragged himself up to Mr. Snow's. Mrs. Snow saw him as he unlatched the gate. She gave a suppressed "Lord a' mercy!" and stood paralyzed, but waiting for coming events. Mr. Snow saw John from the barn, and hurried to meet him. Seizing John's empty sleeve, he shook it so violently that John vibrated all over.

"'Tain't you!" said Mr. Snow. "How are ye? What's been to pay with ye? The Lord has preserved ye. Come in and stay a week. I'll kill ye with good vittles." Here Sally came flying out from the door. John involuntarily clenched his teeth, and braced himself for the encounter; but she stopped suddenly before she reached him, and turned so pale that her father cried out,

"She's going into fits at the sight of ye:" but she recovered by blushing painfully; and then she begged John, in a low voice, to walk in.

"She's a *widow*," thought John, following her. Mrs. Snow, still at the window, turned and gave a not ungracious welcome to him. He lost no time in producing the watch and relating the story he came to tell. As he handed the watch to Sally, and told her that the Major had kissed it for her, his eyes filled with tears, from self-pity as much, perhaps, as from a remembrance of the sad scene. Sally took it and laid it on the table, and looked at him to go on with his story, as if it was time that he should come to himself. Mrs. Snow made her own comments on Sally's behavior, and so did John, with a great jump at his heart. When the narrative was ended Mrs. Snow said,

"So you are discharged?"

"I am good for nothing," he answered.

Sally laid her hand on his empty sleeve. John took it gently in his, and their eyes met. Forgetting every thing but each other, he whispered, "How could you?"

"I never will again."

"Because I wasn't here, and you were too weak to stand alone?"

"Yes, that was the reason; but why didn't you write?"

"I did."

"I never got a word from you."

"You'll get a pension?" Mr. Snow remarked, dubiously.

"I suppose so," answered John, starting up. "I must go; I have not seen my folks yet."

With a sudden "Good-day" he was gone.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Snow, "if all the army are as dirty as he is?"

"Never mind, mother," answered Snow; "it is our only chance to see rebel soil."

"Mother," said Sally, after some days had passed over without any sign from John, "have you been any happier for my marriage?"

"No," her mother answered, shortly.

"Nor I."

"You might have been."

"Never, mother. Do you think that I have any right to my way now?"

"I suppose you will take it."

"I shall," said Sally, firmly.

"How folks will talk!" said Mrs. Snow, angrily.

"About what?"

"Oh, you know that I am not to be cheated. It is all about John Cutter. Have him here if you choose; but I hope he will wash himself before he comes."

Sally remained silent.

"I never could do any thing with you."

"But God has done something, mother."

It was Mrs. Snow's turn to be silent.

Sally shook hands with John, as they were coming out of church the next Sunday, and all Bingham saw the performance. In the course of time John walked home with her from church; then he made a call Sunday evening; then he fell into the habit of dropping in on week-days, and finally he married her.

Sally avowed her intention of going out dress-making, to make up for the loss of John's arm; but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Snow would consent to that; and so they urged John to live with them and turn farmer.

Although the war is not over, John's troubles are; and at present he is engaged in plowing. He drives the oxen with his left hand, and Mr. Snow guides the plow.

MY FIRST DUEL.

YES, I was going to fight a duel. Not that there was any necessity for me to fight—far from it, for I had quarreled with no one. No, I was going to fight with a man whom I had only seen once before, for the mere pleasure of fighting.

This will, I have no doubt, sound curious to English ears, but the facts of the case were as follows: I was at that time (some five or six years ago) studying at a German university; and was, of course, intimate with a considerable number of the students, whose countless duels I was very fond of witnessing. One day, as I was walking home with one of them, Müller by name, from the fighting ground, he suddenly said to me:

"I say, Albion" (Albion was my nickname among the students), "I say, Albion, you ought to fight once, too; you will never get quite behind the scenes of German student life unless you do so."

"Well," I said, "I think that I should like to fight once, just to see what my sensations would be like. I wonder whether I should feel afraid or not?"

"Then you will do so?" he said.

"Yes, I think I will," I replied; "but I have no quarrel with any body."

"Never mind about that," said he. "I will arrange every thing for you, come to our Kneipe this evening, and afterward we shall be sure to pick up a man for you in the Market-place."

I accordingly went to Müller's lodgings a little before eight that evening, and he conducted me to the room in which his corps used to hold their "Kneipe;" it was a large, handsome apartment in one of the principal Restaurations, exclusively kept for the use of members of the corps. We there found about a dozen men already assembled, and nearly as many more dropped in by twos and threes shortly afterward. We all supped together, and as soon as our meal was finished, the serious business of the evening, that is to say, the beer-drinking, commenced. I am afraid to say how much Bavarian beer was disposed of—we all drank like fishes; the more we drank the thirstier we seemed to get: in fact, no one who has not seen German students drink beer can form any adequate idea of the quantity they consume. Bavarian beer is, of course, not nearly so strong as the English beer; but is still a very agreeable drink, and tastes much like pale ale. About eleven o'clock Müller said to me:

"Come, let us go and take a turn in the street, we shall not be many minutes finding you a man."

We went out, and in the Market-place found a number of students belonging to various corps walking about, all of whom, as my companion informed me, were looking for opportunities to challenge some one, or force some one to challenge them.

"We shall very soon be suited," said he.

"We!" I said, "are you going to quarrel, too?"

"Yes," he answered, carelessly. "I may as well do so now I am here. Ah! there is a man to whom I should like to say a few words."

We stopped opposite to the man whom Müller had pointed out, and to whom he said, after politely taking off his cap,

"I beg your pardon; but you look amazingly stupid."

The person thus addressed bowed in his turn, told Müller that he should hear from him, and was passing on when Müller said:

"Now do not be in such a hurry, for I should like to introduce my friend here to one of your men."

He stared, for he saw that I was an Englishman; but answered:

"If you will wait here for two minutes I will bring you several, and then you can take your choice."

He left us, and I said to Müller,

"Show me which man you think will do for me, for I do not know how they can fight, and then I suppose the right thing will be for me to call him a fool at once."

"No, no," he answered; "that is not necessary, the fellow will know perfectly well what you want; a simple introduction is sufficient. Ah! here they are."

He selected one of the new arrivals, to whom he introduced me as Mr. Jones, of London.

We bowed to each other, and the ceremony of quarreling was complete; so Müller and I returned to the Kneipe. As soon as we entered we were assailed with a volley of questions as to where we had been, and what we had been doing.

"Oh! nothing particular," answered Müller; "our English friend here wants to fight, and so I have been out with him to help him to select an opponent."

"What! do you intend to fight, Englishman?" said the senior of the corps, as he shook me heartily by the hand; "that is right, old fellow. I am going to fight the day after to-morrow, so are several more of us, and your little affair can come off at the same time. Well done, Albion, I looks toward you." And he poured about a pint and a quarter of beer down his capacious throat.

I likewise bowed, and then refilled my pipe, and sat down again with the rest to finish the remainder of the evening and what beer was left in the cask, for they said it would be a pity to let it stand till morning, as it might get flat. We separated about midnight. I went home feeling like an incipient hero, and very naturally dreamed of nothing but carte and tierce all that night, and if only half the number of duels in which I imagined myself engaged had really come to pass, I might well have called myself the hero of a hundred fights. When I awoke the next morning I must confess that I did not feel quite comfortable; I had, when watching the students' duels, seen cheeks laid open, heads badly cut, and noses slit, and now I was going to expose myself to the very same thing; perhaps I should return to England with a scar right across my face, and then what would the Governor say? I remained in a very uncomfortable state all that day, for although I was by no means a despicable opponent in the fencing-room, where no one can be hurt, yet I could not tell what my sensations might be when I found myself without a helmet facing an opponent armed with a sword a yard long and as sharp as a razor. However, I was in for it; there was no possible way of escape, so I concealed my fidgety state as well as I could, but still could not keep down unpleasant thoughts of gashed faces, and the consequent sewing up with needles and red silk, which constantly came into my head. At supper, too, that evening, I came in for a good deal of chaff, not exactly calculated to inspire me with additional confidence: one man, while examining the bill of fare before ordering his supper, remarked:

"Hm, bifsteck—no, not to-day; an Englishman is going to be slaughtered to-morrow, so we shall have real English bifsteck then, shall we not, Albion?"

Another drew my attention to some cutlets on his plate, and asked how many similar ones could be cut out of me, for he said he had just made a bet upon the subject; and on finding me unable to give him the requisite information, remarked, "Well, never mind, we shall see to-morrow." Frequent allusions were also made to mince-meat, sausages, etc., till the senior kindly put an end to the chaff by calling to me from the top of the table, "Never mind what they say, Albion; if you fight as well in earnest as you do in the fencing-room, none of those fellows who are chaffing you so could touch you; I know the man with whom you are going to fight; you are at least as good a swordsman as he; I will be your second myself, and if you only do as I tell you, all will be right."

After supper he left the room, to see our opponents, and make the final arrangements with them; and during his absence I really could not help casting anxious glances toward the door, which was presently thrown open, and he reappeared.

"All right," he said; "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, at the usual place; the others will bring the doctor with them."

The doctor! who to-morrow would perhaps have to try to reunite, by means of needles and thread (or rather silk), the dissevered halves of my countenance. So said my fears and some of my friends; but I determined to banish all disagreeable thoughts, expressed myself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements, and took a long draught of beer to conceal my—delight. I rose the next morning about the usual time, after having passed a rather restless night, dressed myself in the darkest clothes I had, in order that the blood—if any were spilled—might show as little as possible upon them; and after a hurried breakfast proceeded to the Kneipe, from whence we were to drive to the scene of action. Arrived there, I found almost the whole of the corps assembled, endeavoring to pass away the time with the aid of pipes and beer.

"Hallo," I said, "are you fellows all going to cut lectures to-day?"

"Yes, old boy," they said, "to be sure we are; we are all coming out to see you fight."

"But," I replied, "as it is my first appearance in public, I should like as few spectators as possible."

"Nonsense," was the answer; "you know that there are thirty or forty to look on at every fight, and there will be double that number to-day, for every one knows that you are going out, and we never saw an Englishman fight before."

This I did not like at all, but I knew that nothing I could say would make them stay at home; so, as it was now barely ten, and we were not to set off till half past, I lighted a cigar, ordered some beer, and tried to persuade myself that I felt perfectly comfortable. The conversation was of a violent and decidedly sanguinary nature, consisting almost entirely of reminiscences of duels in which one or both of the combatants had been punished with unusual severity, and the senior related to me, with great glee, how he had on one occasion cut his opponent's nose completely off! The vehicle drove up punctually at half past ten; as many of us as could find room got in, and in about twenty minutes we arrived at the ground, where we found the other party and the surgeon. The senior—a splendid swordsman—was the first to engage; and after a very spirited and scientific combat of about ten minutes' duration put his opponent *hors de combat* by cutting his left cheek quite through. The surgeon immediately sewed up the gash, and the wounded hero was taken home, to amuse himself for the next three or four days with making iced applications to his cheek, and living upon soup, being, of course, most strictly forbidden either to smoke or to touch any beer, which prohibition is about the severest punishment in the world for a German student. As soon as he had left the spot Müller came toward me and said, "Now then, old fellow, go and get bandaged; your turn comes next." I therefore followed him to the room where the duelists were bandaged, stripped to the waist, and was immediately dressed in a coarse linen shirt; a glove made of double leather, with a quantity of thin steel chain between the two thicknesses, intended to protect the hand and wrist, was put upon my right hand, and over that a sort of sleeve about an inch in thickness, formed of innumerable layers of silk, was drawn upon my arm, reaching from the wrist quite up to the shoulder. Over this again a sort of rope, made of old silk stockings twisted, ran all along the outside of my arm, which was thus completely protected. A thick pad was then tied over the axillary artery, a long bandage wound round my throat, and a pair of "Paukhosen," things something like cricket-pads, but reaching nearly up to the heart, strapped on. My toilet was now complete, the head and the upper part of the chest only being exposed. My antagonist was ready about the same time, the usual formalities were gone through, and we faced each other. With a passing thought of what the consternation of the "Governor" would be, could he but see me at this moment, I put myself into position; my adversary did the same; the seconds shouted "Los!" or "Go it!" and at it we went, hammer and tongs, with an energy worthy of a better cause. To my great surprise and gratification, any nervousness which I might have felt before had now entirely vanished; I felt as cool and collected as if I were only practicing in the fencing-room, but at the same time there was an excitement which I had never felt when using blunted weapons. When we had been fighting for about five minutes I suddenly felt a sharp slap on the left cheek, and found that I had not completely parried a vicious horizontal cut in carte, and that the flat of my enemy's blade had struck me in the face, just drawing blood from the cheek. An appeal was, of course, made by the opposite second, and his claim of first blood was allowed.

We all paused for a few moments to recover breath and refresh ourselves with a glass of wine; during which pause my second whispered to me, "If he tries that cut again, and I feel sure that he will, return high tierce as quickly as possible." (This, by-the-by, is considered quite fair.)

I watched for this cut, which he soon did try again; as I had been told, I returned high tierce as quickly as I could: a large lock of my adversary's hair fell to the ground, and in a moment his face was covered with blood. I had given him a smart cut on the top of the head—a cut perhaps four inches in length, which was, however, not severe enough to prevent his continuing the fight; and so we fought on for some time, but without touching each other again, till the referee warned us that the time, which is limited to a quarter of an hour, was expired. We then shook hands, resumed our ordinary habiliments, and, after my opponent's wound had been sewn up by the doctor, left the ground on the best of terms. Thus ended my first duel; but I found the excitement of fighting so very pleasant that I said to myself, as we left the ground, "I'll fight again as often as I can." And I did. I joined the corps that evening, and in course of time became one of the seniors.

WHAT'S IN THE PACK?

IT was a lonely looking house, a good distance from any other, and standing at the end of a long avenue, and its only occupants on the day in question were two women-servants and a boy. The time, perhaps, hung rather heavily upon the hands of these three, since the appearance of a queer figure toiling up the avenue was hailed with unconcealed satisfaction.

"It's old Burke, the jagger," said one.

"It isn't old Burke; but he's got a pack any how. How slow he walks, and it's getting dusk; we sha'n't be able to see the things."

The jagger, or bagman, or peddler, whichever name you like best, came up to the door wiping his forehead, and groaning under his burden; and well he might. Surely a pack of such size had never before wearied the enduring shoulders of a bagman. He did not attempt to ease himself of it, however, or to display his wares in the customary manner, but he took off his hat to the women politely.

"Would the mistress take pity on him, and let him leave his pack in the hall or the kitchen—any where, so that it would be safe? And he would fetch it the next day."

Now, the master and mistress were, as we have seen, from home; so was the man who filled the offices of coachman, groom, and gardener, with the help of the boy above mentioned as a *sub;* and neither master, mistress, nor coachman would return that night. The three servants therefore looked at each other inquiringly, a little curious, and a great deal disappointed.

"What's in the pack?" asked one.

"Oh, it's not a regular pack, but an order," responded the bagman. "A lot of coarse cloth and some gunpowder; nothing that would do to show the ladies. But I am tired to death, and have got to go further. If I might leave it where it would be safe for to-night, I've got a few shawls and things I could bring with me to-morrow when I return for it."

Again the women looked at each other. "Shawls had he got? What else?"

"A few trifles. Maybe a gown-piece or two that would come cheap."

"Well, he might leave the pack if he liked, but he must take it away early the next day."

The peddler entered the hall and prepared to lay down his burden; then he espied the door of a little room which would have been a butler's pantry if the house had boasted a butler. Might he put it there, because of the gunpowder? And it was put there accordingly, the bagman closing the door after him carefully, and warning the friendly receivers not to take a light into the room, or meddle with the pack, because of the gunpowder.

The women went back to their kitchen, and the boy lingered in the hall meditatively, having watched the peddler down the avenue. At last he went to the door of the butler's pantry and took a long look through the keyhole. The last rays of the setting sun streamed in through that little window and fell upon the pack lying in huge state on the floor. Again the boy walked up and down the hall, and again he looked long and anxiously through the keyhole.

Did the pack move a little as he stared at it? What a fool he was, he thought; it was all fancy, of course. Suddenly his gaze became riveted on one corner of the pack, where there seemed to be a loophole, and he saw, as he believed, in the red light, the gleaming of a human eye.

He drew back his own from the keyhole; he shot a bolt into its socket noiselessly, and then he began walking up and down again. He thought about the loneliness of the place, and the helplessness of its inmates; he thought about those two in the kitchen and himself, and about the peddler, and what might happen. He walked till it was quite dark, and he could no longer distinguish the outlines of that mysterious pack; then he went into the kitchen, where the two women were still talking of the shawls and probable gown-pieces.

"Where's the old gun?" asked the boy.

"La, Joseph, what should you want with that? It's up there, over the clock."

"Is it loaded? All right," said Joseph, examining. "Now then, I'll tell you what I want with it: I'm going to shoot the pack."

"To shoot it! Good gracious, what for?"

Joseph looked at the two terrified faces, with his own rather pale, but determined. "You won't squall if I tell you what for, will you?"

"No; but Joseph—the gunpowder!"

"Gunpowder's all my eye. I'm going to shoot it because there's a mortal man in it; and a man doesn't get hisself wrapped in a pack for no good purpose; that's what I say. If you're afraid give me the light, and stop where you are."

But the women crept behind him tremulously, and kept silence while he tried again if he could see any thing through the keyhole. Then he opened the door boldly.

"If the pack's an honest pack," said Joseph, "it won't mind a shot."

Perhaps the pack really moved, or perhaps Joseph was a little nervous, for the last word was not out of his mouth when the report of a gun rang through the room.

A dead silence followed it. Joseph's eyes were fixed in a wide open stare on the pack. Presently a small red spot came oozing through the coarse wrappering; it grew larger. A little red stream trickled down on the floor, and crawled toward the boy's feet. Then he retired hastily, and locked the door again.

His face was very pale. He had killed a man, and it was a horrible thing to do and to think of.

"Now you two lock all the doors, and make them as fast as you can," he said: "that peddler chap won't stop till morning for his pack, I'm thinking. What o'clock is it—ten? Let us put lights in all the rooms, and make-believe there's a party—a regular houseful."

Once during the night, Joseph, standing near a window, fancied he heard a low whistle outside; his heart gave a great jump, and he signaled to the two women to move about, and slam the doors, and make as much noise as they could. The whistle was repeated once only, and then all was quiet. But though the morning light broke in upon the servants, they could not go to bed or rest for thinking of that ghastly thing down in the butler's pantry. Noon brought the master of the house, but no peddler came with shawls and gown-pieces.

When they undid the pack the hand of the dead man was found clutching a small whistle, and he had a belt on, stuck with pistols and a cutlass. It is needless to add that Joseph was rewarded; and some time afterward, one of a gang of robbers being caught in a burglary, confessed himself to be the identical bagman who left his pack at the lonely house, and never went to claim it.

COLONEL KILPATRICK'S RAID INTO SECESSIA.

WE illustrate on page 348 one of the many sharp hand-to-hand conflicts which took place on the recent gallant raid of Colonel Kilpatrick, of the Harris Light Cavalry, through Virginia. Colonel Kilpatrick's report—a model of military style—reads as follows:

"YORKTOWN, VA., *May* 8, 1863.

"*Major-General H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army:*

"GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that, by direction of Major-General Stoneman, I left Louisa Court House the morning of the 3d inst., with one regiment (the Harris Light Cavalry of my brigade), reached Hungary on the Fredericksburg Railroad at daylight on the morning of the 4th, destroyed the dépôt, telegraph wires, and railroad for several miles; passed over to the Brook turnpike; drove in the rebel pickets down the pike, across the brook; charged a battery, and forced it to retire to within two miles of the city of Richmond; captured Lieutenant Brown, aid-de-camp to General Winder, and eleven men within the fortifications; passed down to the left to the Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy, which I burned; ran a train of cars into the river; retired to Hanovertown on the peninsula; crossed and destroyed the ferry just in time to check the advance of a pursuing cavalry force; burned a train of thirty wagons loaded with bacon; captured thirteen prisoners, and encamped for the night five miles from the river.

"I resumed my march at one A.M. of the 5th, surprised a force of three hundred cavalry at Aylett's; captured two officers and thirty-three men; burned fifty-six wagons and the dépôt, containing upward of 20,000 barrels of corn and wheat, quantities of clothing and commissary stores, and safely crossed the Mattapony, and destroyed the ferry again, just in time to escape the advance of the rebel cavalry pursuit. Late in the evening I destroyed a third wagon train and dépôt, a few miles above and west of Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock, and from that point made a forced march of twenty miles, being closely followed by a superior force of cavalry, supposed to be a portion of Stuart's, from the fact that we captured prisoners from the First, Fifth, and Tenth Virginia cavalry.

"At sundown I discovered a force of cavalry drawn up in line of battle above King and Queen Court House. The strength was unknown, but I at once advanced to the attack, only however to discover that they were friends—a portion of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, who had become separated from the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, of the same regiment.

"At 10 o'clock A.M. on the 7th I found safety and rest under our brave old flag, within our lines at Gloucester Point.

"This raid and march about the entire rebel army—a march of nearly two hundred miles—has been made in less than five days, with a loss of one officer and thirty-seven men, having captured and paroled upward of three hundred men.

"I take great pleasure in bringing to your notice the officers of my staff, Captain P. Owen Jones, Captain Armstrong, Captain M'Irvin, Dr. Hackley, and Lieutenant Estis, especially the latter, who volunteered to carry a dispatch to Major-General Hooker. He failed in the attempt, but, with his escort of ten men, he captured and paroled one major, two captains, a lieutenant, and fifteen men. He was afterward himself captured with his escort, and was afterward recaptured by our own forces. He arrived this morning. I can not praise too highly the bravery, fortitude, and untiring energy displayed throughout the march by Lieutenant-Colonel Davis and the officers and men of the Harris Light Cavalry, not one of whom but was willing to lose his liberty or his life if he could but aid in the great battle now going on, and win for himself the approbation of his chiefs.

"Respectfully submitted. J. KILPATRICK,

"Col. Comd'g First Brigade Third Division Cavalry."

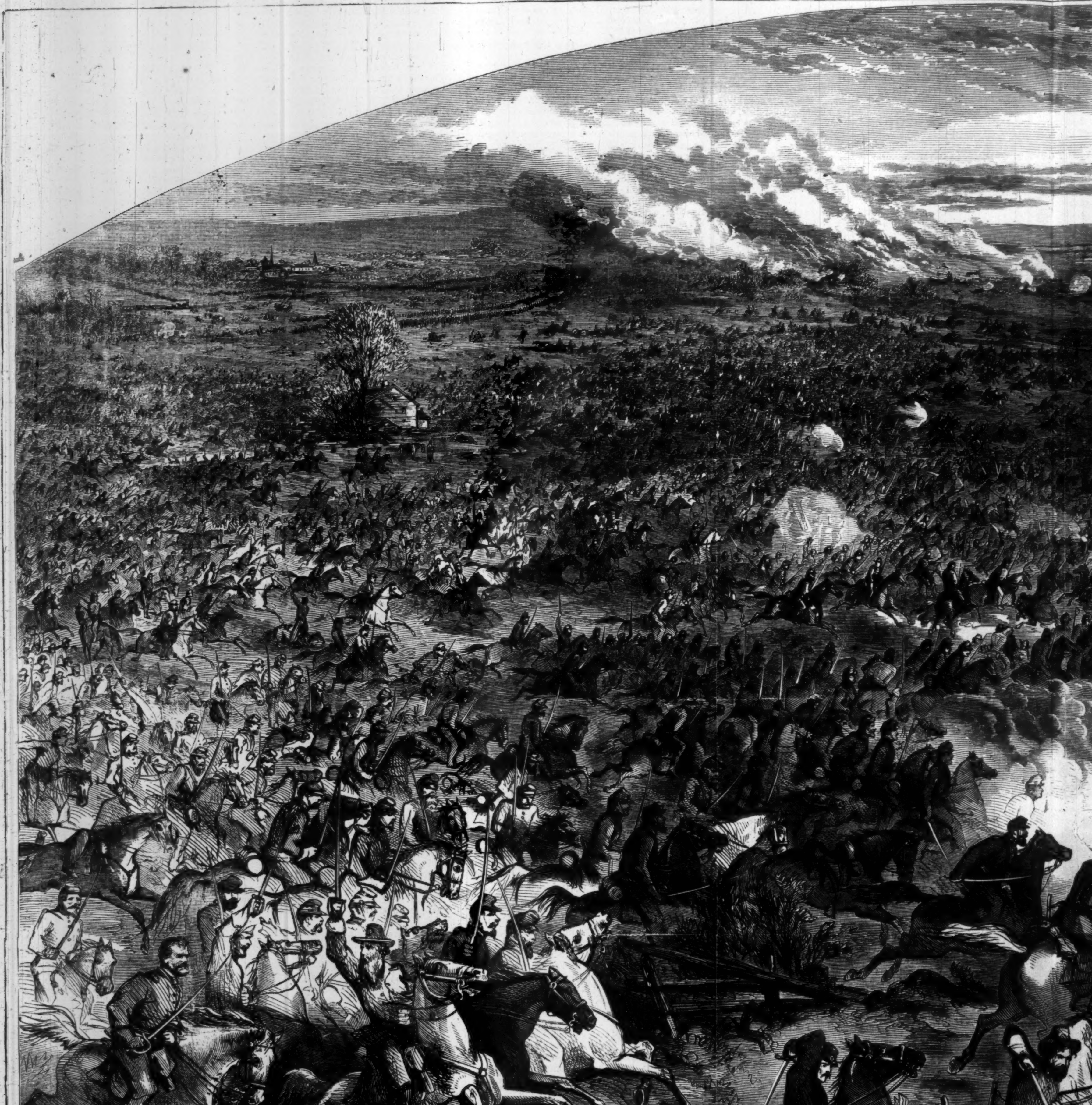
A SCOUT IN DIXIE.

WE publish on page 349 two portraits of one of the most gallant scouts in our army—J. W. DAVIDSON, of the Eleventh Army Corps. He is a native of New York, and on the outbreak of the rebellion raised the Star-Spangled Banner on Trinity and St. Paul's Churches in this city. He accompanied General Burnside to North Carolina, and on the capture of Newbern raised the Stars and Stripes on the steeple of Christ's Church in that city, in view of the flying rebels. Mr. Davidson is a sailor by trade, and, as might be supposed from his calling, is a man of cool head, quick eye, and solid nerve. In manners he is gentle and unassuming. As a scout, he is said to be one of the most useful in the service.

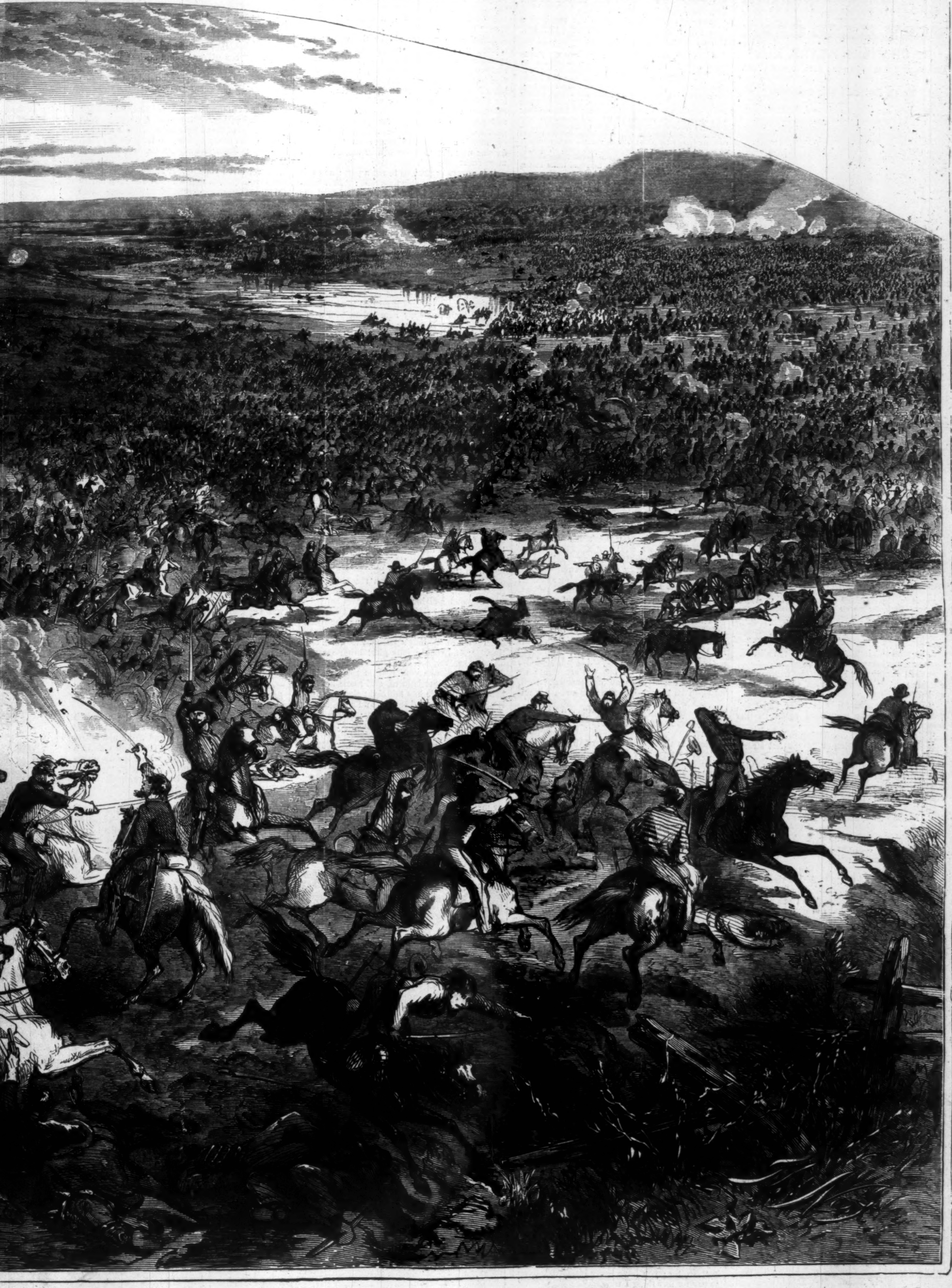
TRIFLES.

THE massive gates of Circumstance
  Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
  Oft gives our life its after-tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,
  The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
  These are the mainsprings after all.



A CAVALRY ATTACK.—[DRAW



RAWN BY MR. THOMAS NAST.]

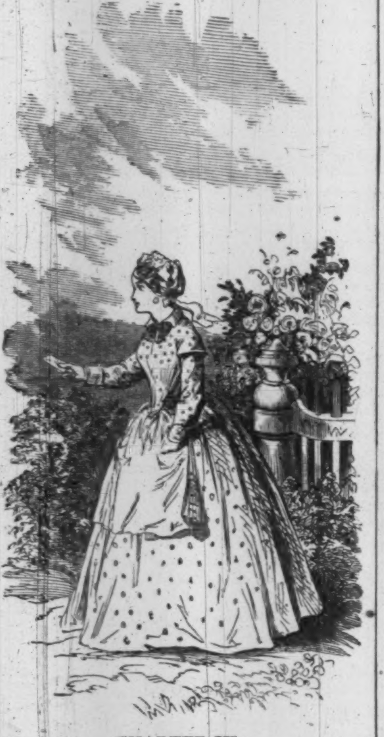
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.



CHAPTER IX.

JULIA took Mr. Hardie's note and read it:

> "MADAM,—I have received a very juvenile letter from my son, by which I learn he has formed a sudden attachment to your daughter. He tells me, however, at the same time, that you await my concurrence before giving your consent. I appreciate your delicacy; and it is with considerable regret I now write to inform you this match is out of the question. I have thought it due to you to communicate this to yourself and without delay, and feel sure that you will, under the circumstances, discountenance my son's further visits at your house.
>
> "I am, Madam, with sincere respect,
> "Your faithful servant,
> "RICHARD HARDIE."

Julia read this letter, and re-read it in silence. It was an anxious moment to the mother.

"Shall our pride be less than this parvenu's?" she faltered. "Tell me yourself, what ought we to do?"

"What we ought to do is, never to let the name of Hardie be mentioned again in this house."

This reply was very comforting to Mrs. Dodd.

"Shall I write to him, or do you feel strong enough?"

"I feel that, if I do, I may affront him. He had no right to pretend that his father would consent. You write, and then we shall not lose our dignity though we are insulted."

"I feel so weary, mamma. Life seems ended."

"I could have loved him well. And now show me how to tear him out of my heart; or what will become of me?"

While Mrs. Dodd wrote to Alfred Hardie, Julia sank down and laid her head on her mother's knees. The note was shown her; she approved it languidly. A long and sad conversation followed; and, after kissing her mother and clinging to her, she went to bed chilly and listless, but did not shed a single tear. Her young heart was benumbed by the unexpected blow.

Next morning early, Alfred Hardie started gayly to spend the day at Albion Villa. Not a hundred yards from the gate he met Sarah, with Mrs. Dodd's letter, inclosing a copy of his father's to her. Mrs. Dodd here reminded him that his visits had been encouraged only upon a misapprehension of his father's sentiments; for which misapprehension he was in some degree to blame: not that she meant to reproach him on that score, especially at this unhappy moment: no, she rather blamed herself for listening to the sanguine voice of youth; but the error must now be repaired. She and Julia would always wish him well, and esteem him, provided he made no further attempt to compromise a young lady who could not be his wife. The note concluded thus:

> "Individually I think I have some right to count on your manly and gentlemanly feeling to hold no communication with my daughter, and not in any way to attract her attention under the present circumstances.
>
> "I am, dear Mr. Alfred Hardie,
> "With many regrets at the pain I fear
> I am giving you,
> "Your sincere friend and well-wisher,
> "LUCY DODD."

Alfred on reading this letter literally staggered: but proud and sensitive, as well as loving, he manned himself to hide his wound from Sarah, whose black eyes were bent on him in merciless scrutiny. He said doggedly, though tremulously, "Very well!" then turned quickly on his heel, and went slowly home. Mrs. Dodd, with well-feigned indifference, questioned Sarah privately: the girl's account of the abrupt way in which he had received the missive, added to her anxiety. She warned the servants that no one was at home to Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Two days elapsed, and then she received a letter from him. Poor fellow, it was the eleventh. He had written and torn up ten:

> "DEAR MRS. DODD,—I have gained some victories in my life; but not one without two defeats to begin with; how then can I expect to obtain such a prize as dear Julia without a check or two? You need not fear that I shall intrude after your appeal to me as a gentleman: but I am not going to give in because my father has written a hasty letter from Yorkshire. He and I must have many a talk face to face before I consent to be miserable for life. Dear Mrs. Dodd, at first receipt of your cruel letter, so kindly worded, I was broken-hearted; but now I am myself again. Difficulties are made for ladies to yield to, and for men to conquer. Only for pity's sake do not you be my enemy; do not set her against me for my father's fault. Think, if you can, how my heart bleeds at closing this letter without one word to her I love, better, a thousand times better, than my life. I am, dear Mrs. Dodd,
>
> "Yours sorrowfully, but not despairing,
> "ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd kept this letter to herself. She could not read it quite unmoved, and therefore she felt sure it would disturb her daughter's heart the more.

Alfred had now a soft but dangerous antagonist in Mrs. Dodd. All the mother was in arms to secure her daughter's happiness coûte que coûte! and the surest course seemed to be to detach her affections from Alfred. What hope of a peaceful heart without this? and what real happiness without peace? But, too wise and calm to interfere blindly, she watched her daughter day and night, to find whether Love or Pride was the stronger; and this is what she observed:

Julia never mentioned Alfred. She sought occupation eagerly: came oftener than usual for money, saying it was for "Luxury." She visited the poor more constantly, taking one of the maids with her, at Mrs. Dodd's request. She studied Logic with Edward. She went to bed rather early, fatigued, it would appear, by her activity: and she gave the clew to her own conduct one day: "Mamma," said she, "nobody is downright unhappy, who is good."

Mrs. Dodd noticed also a certain wildness and almost violence, with which she threw herself into her occupations: and a worn look about the eyes that told of a hidden conflict. On the whole Mrs. Dodd was hopeful; for she had never imagined the cure would be speedy or easy. To see her child on the right road was much. Only the great healer Time could "medicine her to that sweet peace which once she owned;" and even Time can not give her back her childhood, thought the mother, with a sigh.

One day came an invitation to an evening party at a house where they always wound up with dancing. Mrs. Dodd was for declining as usual; for since that night Julia had shunned parties. "Give me the sorrows of the poor and afflicted," was her cry; "the gayety of the hollow world jars me more than I can bear." But now she caught with a sort of eagerness at this invitation. "Accept! They shall not say I am wearing the willow."

"My brave girl," said Mrs. Dodd, joyfully, "I would not press it; but you are right; we owe it to ourselves to outface scandal. Still, let there be no precipitation; we must not undertake beyond our strength."

"Try me to-night," said Julia; "you don't know what I can do. I dare say he is not pining for me."

She was the life and soul of the party, and, indeed, so feverishly brilliant, that Mrs. Dodd said softly to her, "Gently, love; moderate your spirits, or they will deceive our friends as little as they do me."

Meantime it cost Alfred Hardie a severe struggle to keep altogether aloof from Julia. In fact, it was a state of daily self-denial, to which he would never have committed himself, but that he was quite sure he could gradually win his father over. At his age we are apt to count without our antagonist.

Mr. Richard Hardie was "a long-headed man." He knew the consequence of giving one's reasons: eternal discussion ending in war. He had taken care not to give any to Mrs. Dodd, and he was as guarded and reserved with Alfred. The young man begged to know the why and the wherefore, and, being repulsed, employed all his art to elicit them by surprise, or get at them by inference: but all in vain; Hardie senior was impenetrable; and inquiry, petulance, tenderness, logic, were all shattered on him as the waves break on Ailsa Craig.

"Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas," was the purport of all he could be got to say, and that was wonderfully little.

Thus began dissension, decently conducted at first, between a father indulgent hitherto, and an affectionate son.

In this unfortunate collision of two strong and kindred natures, every advantage was at present on the father's side: age, experience, authority, resolution, hidden and powerful motives, to which my reader even has no clew as yet; a purpose immutable and concealed. Add to these a colder nature and a far colder affection; for Alfred loved his father dearly.

At last, one day, the impetuous one lost his self-command, and said he was a son, not a slave, and had little respect for Authority when afraid or ashamed to appeal to Reason. Hardie senior turned on him with a gravity and dignity no man could wear more naturally. "Alfred, have I been an unkind father to you all these years?"

"Oh no, father, no; I have said nothing that can be so construed. And that is the mystery to me; you are acting quite out of character."

"Have I been one of those interfering, pragmatical fathers, who can not let their children enjoy themselves their own way?"

"No, Sir; you have never interfered, except to pay for any thing I wanted."

"Then make me the one return in your power, young man; have a little faith in such a father, and believe that he does not interfere now but for your good, and under a stern necessity; and that, when he does interfere for once, and say, 'this thing shall not be,' it shall not be—by God!"

Alfred was overpowered by the weight and solemnity of this. Sorrow, vexation, and despondency all rushed into his heart together, and unmanned him for a moment; he buried his face in his hands, and something very like a sob burst from his young heart. At this Hardie senior took up the newspaper with imperturbable coldness, and wore a slight curl of the lip. All this was hardly genuine, for he was not altogether unmoved; but he was a man of rare self-command, and chose to impress on Alfred that he was no more to be broken or melted than a mere rock.

It is always precarious to act a part; and this cynicism was rather able than wise: Alfred looked up and watched him keenly as he read the monetary article with tranquil interest; and then, for the first time in his life, it flashed into the young man's mind that his father was not a father. "I never knew him till now," thought he. "This man is αστοργος."*

Thus a gesture, so to speak, sowed the first seed of downright disunion in Richard Hardie's house—disunion, a fast-growing plant, when men set it in the soil of the passions.

Alfred, unlike Julia, had no panacea. Had any lips, except perhaps hers, told him that "to be good is to be happy here below," he would have replied, "Negatur; contradicted by daily experience." It never occurred to him therefore to go out of himself, and sympathize with the sordid sorrows of the poor, and their bottomless egotism in contact with the well-to-do. He brooded on his own love, and his own unhappiness, and his own father's cruelty. His nights were sleepless, and his days leaden. He tried hard to read for his first class, but for once even ambition failed: it ended in flinging books away with a curse. He wandered about dreaming and hoping for some change, and bitterly regretting his excessive delicacy, which had tied his own hands and brought him to a stand-still. He lost his color and what little flesh he had to lose: for such young spirits as this are never plump. In a word, being now strait-jacketed into feminine inactivity, while void of feminine patience, his ardent heart was pining and fretting itself out. He was in this condition, when one day Peterson, his Oxonian friend, burst in on him open-mouthed with delight, and, as usual with bright spirits of this calibre, did not even notice his friend's sadness. "Cupid had clapped Peterson on the shoulder," as Shakspeare hath it; and it was a deal nicer than the bum-bailiff rheumatism.

"Oh, such a divine creature! Met her twice; you know her by sight; her name is Dodd. But I don't care; it shall be Peterson; the rose by any other name, etc." Then followed a rapturous description of the lady's person, well worth omitting. "And such a jolly girl! brightens them all up wherever she goes; and such a dancer! did the catchouka with a little Spanish bloke Bosanquet has got hold of, and made his black bolus eyes twinkle like midnight cigars; danced it with castanets, and smiles, and such, a what-d'ye-call-'em, my boy, you know; such a 'go.'"

"You mean such an 'abandon,'" groaned Alfred, turning sick at heart.

"That's the word. Twice the spirit of Duvernay, and ten times the beauty. But just you hear her sing, that is all; Italian, French, German, English even."

"Plaintive songs?"

"Oh, whatever they ask for. Make you laugh or make you cry—to order; never says no. Just smiles and sits down to the music-box. Only she won't sing two running: they have to stick a duffer in between. I shall meet her again next week; will you come? Any friend of mine is welcome. Wish me joy, old fellow; I'm a gone coon."

This news put Alfred in a frenzy of indignation and fear. Julia dancing the catchouka! Julia a jolly girl! Julia singing songs pathetic or merry, whichever were asked for! The heartless one! He called to mind all he had read in the classics, and elsewhere, about the fickleness of woman. But this impression did not last long; he recalled Julia's character, and all the signs of a love tender and true she had given him; he read her by himself, and, lover-like, laid all the blame on another. "It was all her cold-blooded mother. Fool that I have been. I see it all now. She appeals to my delicacy to keep away; then she goes to Julia and says, 'See, he deserts you at a word from his father. Be proud, be gay! He never loved you: marry another.' The shallow plotter forgets that whoever she does marry I'll kill. How many unsuspicious girls have these double-faced mothers deluded so? They do it in half the novels, especially in those written by women; and why? because these know the perfidy and mendacity of their sex better than we do; they see them nearer, and with their souls undressed. War! Mrs. Dodd, war to the death! From this moment I am alone in the world with her. I have no friend but Alfred Hardie: and my bitterest enemies are my cold-blooded father, and her cold-blooded mother."

The above sentences, of course, were never uttered. But they represented his thoughts accurately, though in a condensed form, and are, as it were, a miniature of this young heart boiling over.

From that moment he lay in wait for her, and hovered about the house day and night, determined to appeal to her personally, and undeceive her, and baffle her mother's treachery. But at this game he was soon detected: Mrs. Dodd lived on the watch now. Julia, dressed to go out, went to the window one afternoon to look at the weather; but retreated somewhat hastily and sat down on the sofa.

"You flutter, darling," said Mrs. Dodd. "Ah, he is there."

"Yes."

"You had better take off your things."

"Oh, yes. I tremble at the thoughts of meeting him. Mamma, he is changed, sadly changed. Poor, poor Alfred!" She went to her own room and prayed for him: She told the Omniscient that, though much greater and better in other respects than she was, he had not Patience. She prayed, with tears, that he might have Christian patience granted him from on high.

"Heart of stone! she shuns me," said Alfred, outside. He had seen her in her bonnet.

Mrs. Dodd waited several days to see whether this annoyance would not die of itself: waiting was her plan in most things. Finding he was not to be tired out, she sent Sarah out to him with a note carefully sealed:

> "MR. ALFRED HARDIE,—Is it generous to confine my daughter to the house? Yours regretfully,
> "LUCY DODD."

A line came back instantly in pencil:

> "MRS. DODD,—Is all the generosity and all the good faith to be on one side? Yours in despair,
> "ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd colored faintly: the reproach pricked her, but did not move her. She sat quietly down that moment, and wrote to a friend in London, to look out for a furnished villa in a healthy part of the suburbs, with immediate possession. "Circumstances," said she, "making it desirable we should leave Barkington immediately, and for some months."

The Bosanquets gave a large party; Mrs. and Miss Dodd were there. The latter was playing a part in a charade to the admiration of all present, when in came Mr. Peterson, introducing his friend, Alfred Hardie.

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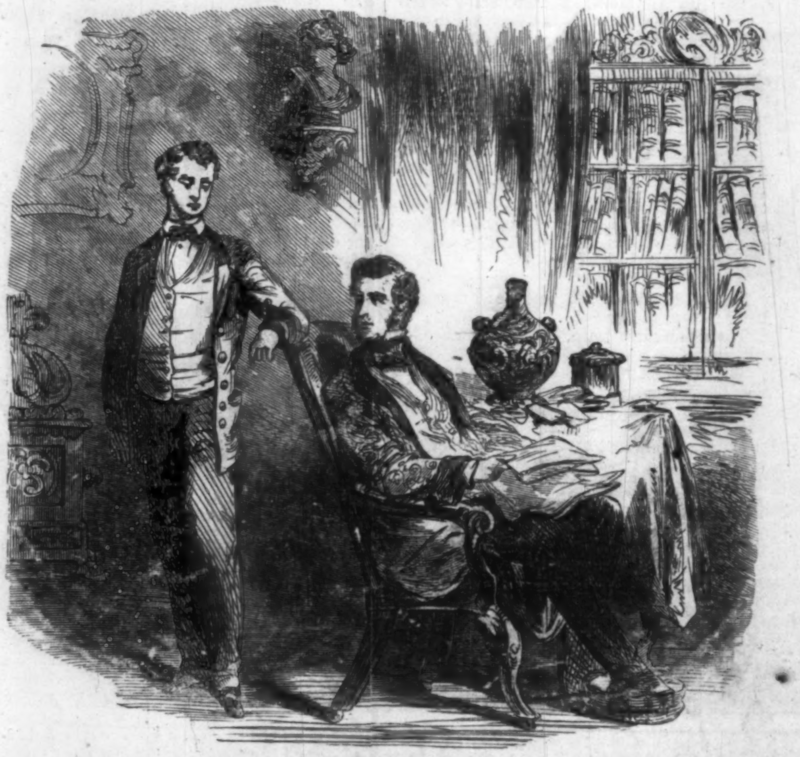
* Without bowels of affection.



"ALFRED, HAVE I BEEN AN UNKIND FATHER TO YOU ALL THESE YEARS?"

Julia caught the name, and turned a look of alarm on her mother: but went on acting.

Presently she caught sight of him at some distance. He looked very pale, and his glittering eye was fixed on her with a sort of stern wonder.

Such a glance from fiery eyes, that had always dwelt tenderly on her till then, struck her like a weapon. She stopped short, and turned red and pale by turns. "There, that is nonsense enough," said she bitterly, and went and sat by Mrs. Dodd. The gentlemen thronged round her with compliments, and begged her to sing. She excused herself. Presently she heard an excited voice, toward which she dared not look; it was inquiring whether any lady could sing Aileen Aroon. With every desire to gratify the young millionaire, nobody knew Aileen Aroon, or had ever heard of it.

"Oh, impossible!" cried Alfred. "Why it is in praise of Constancy, a virtue ladies shine in: at least they take credit for it."

"Mamma," whispered Julia, terrified, "get me away, or there will be a scene. He is reckless."

"Be calm, love:" said Mrs. Dodd, "there shall be none." She rose and glided up to Alfred Hardie, looked coldly in his face; then said with external politeness and veiled contempt, "I will attempt the song, Sir, since you desire it." She waved her hand, and he followed her sulkily to the piano. She sang Aileen Aroon, not with her daughter's eloquence, but with a purity and mellowness that charmed the room: they had never heard the genius sing it.

As spirits are said to overcome the man at whose behest they rise, so this sweet air, and the gush of reminiscence it awakened, overpowered him who had evoked them; Alfred put his hand unconsciously to his swelling heart, cast one look of anguish at Julia, and hurried away half choked. Nobody but Julia noticed.

A fellow in a rough great-coat and tattered white hat opened the fly door for Mrs. Dodd. As Julia followed her he kissed her skirt unseen by Mrs. Dodd: but her quick ears caught a heart-breaking sigh. She looked, and recognized Alfred in that disguise. The penitent fit had succeeded to the angry one. Had Julia observed? To ascertain this without speaking of him, Mrs. Dodd waited till they had got some little distance, then quietly put out her hand and rested it for a moment on her daughter's; the girl was trembling violently. "Little wretch!" came to Mrs. Dodd's lips, but she did not utter it. They were near home before she spoke at all, and then she only said very kindly, "My love, you will not be subjected again to these trials:" a remark intended quietly to cover the last occurrence as well as Alfred's open persecution.

They had promised to go out the very next day; but Mrs. Dodd went alone, and made excuses for Miss Dodd. On her return she found Julia sitting up for her, and a letter come from her friend describing a pleasant cottage, now vacant, near Maida Vale. Mrs. Dodd handed the open letter to Julia; she read it without comment.

"We will go up to-morrow and take it for three months. Then the Oxford vacation will terminate."

"Yes, mamma."

I am now about to relate a circumstance by no means without parallels, but almost impossible to account for; and, as nothing is more common and contemptible than inadequate solutions, I shall offer none at all: but so it was, that Mrs. Dodd awoke in the middle of that very night in a mysterious state of mental tremor; trouble, veiled in obscurity, seemed to sit heavy on her bosom. So strong, though vague, was this new and mysterious oppression, that she started up in bed and cried aloud, "David!—Julia!—Oh, what is the matter?" The sound of her own voice dispelled the cloud in part, but not entirely. She lay a while, and then finding herself quite averse to sleep, rose and went to her window, and eyed the weather anxiously. It was a fine night; soft fleecy clouds drifted slowly across a silver moon. The sailor's wife was reassured on her husband's behalf. Her next desire was to look at Julia sleeping; she had no particular object: it was the instinctive impulse of an anxious mother whom something had terrified. She put on her slippers and dressing-gown, and, lighting a candle at her night-lamp, opened her door softly, and stepped into the little corridor. But she had not taken two steps when she was arrested by a mysterious sound.

It came from Julia's room.

What was it?

Mrs. Dodd glided softly nearer and nearer, all her senses on the stretch.

The sound came again. It was a muffled sob.

The stifled sound, just audible in the dead stillness of the night, went through and through her who stood there listening aghast. Her bowels yearned over her child; and she hurried to the door, but recollected herself, and knocked very gently. "Don't be alarmed, love, it is only me. May I come in?" She did not wait for the answer, but turned the handle and entered. She found Julia sitting up in bed, looking wildly at her, with cheeks flushed and wet. She sat on the bed and clasped her to her breast in silence: but more than one warm tear ran down upon Julia's bare neck; the girl felt them drop and her own gushed in a shower.

"Oh, what have I done?" she sobbed. "Am I to make you wretched too?"

Mrs. Dodd did not immediately reply. She was there to console; and her admirable good sense told her that to do that she must be calmer than her patient; so even while she kissed and wept over Julia, she managed gradually to recover her composure. "Tell me, my child," said she, "why do you act a part with me? Why brave it out under my eye, and spend the night secretly in tears? Are you still afraid to trust me?"

"Oh, no, no; but I thought I was so strong, so proud: I undertook miracles. I soon found my pride was a mole-hill, and my love a mountain. I could not hold out by day if I did not ease my breaking heart at night. How unfortunate! I kept my head under the bed-clothes, too; but you have such ears. I thought I would stifle my grief, or else perhaps you would be as wretched as I am: forgive me! pray forgive me!"

"On one condition," said Mrs. Dodd, struggling with the emotion these simple words caused her. "Any thing to be forgiven!" cried Julia, impetuously. "I'll go to London. I'll go to Botany Bay. I deserve to be hanged."

"Then, from this hour, no half confidences between us. Dear me, you carry in your own bosom a much harsher judge, a much less indulgent friend than I am. Come! trust me with your heart! Do you love him very much? Does your happiness depend on him?"

At this point-blank question Julia put her head over Mrs. Dodd's shoulder, not to be seen; and, clasping her tight, murmured scarce above a whisper, "I don't know how much I love him. When he came in at that party I felt his slave; his unfaithful adoring slave; if he had ordered me to sing Aileen Aroon, I should have obeyed; if he had commanded me to take his hand and leave the room, I think I should have obeyed. His face is always before me as plain as life; it used to come to me bright and loving; now it is pale, and stern, and sad. I was not so wretched till I saw he was pining for me, and thinks me inconstant; oh, mamma, *so* pale! *so* shrunk! *so* reckless! He was sorry for misbehaving that night: he changed clothes with a beggar to kiss my dress: poor thing! poor thing! Who ever loved as he does me? I am dying for him; I am dying."

"There! there!" said Mrs. Dodd, soothingly. "You have said enough. This must be love, I am on your Alfred's side from this hour."

Julia opened her eyes, and was a good deal agitated as well as surprised. "Pray do not raise my hopes," she gasped. "We are parted forever. His father refuses. Even you seemed averse; or have I been dreaming?"

"Me, dearest? How can I be averse to any thing lawful, on which I find your heart is really set, and your happiness at stake? Of course I have stopped the actual intercourse, under existing circumstances; but these circumstances are not unalterable: your only obstacle is Mr. Richard Hardie."

"But what an obstacle," sighed Julia. "His father! a man of iron! so every body says; for I have made inquiries—oh!" And she was abashed. She resumed hastily, "And that letter, so cold, so cruel! I feel it was written by one not open to gentle influences. He does not think me worthy of his son; so accomplished, so distinguished, at the very university where our poor Edward—has—you know."

"Little simpleton!" said Mrs. Dodd, and kissed her tenderly; "your iron man is the commonest clay, sordid; pliable; and your stern heroic Brutus is a shop-keeper; he is open to the gentle influences, which sway the kindred souls of the men you and I buy our shoes, our tea, our gloves, our fish-kettles of: and these influences I command, and will use them to the utmost."

Julia lay silent, and wondering what she could mean.

But Mrs. Dodd hesitated now: it pained and revolted her to show her enthusiastic girl the world as it is. She said as much, and added, "I seem to be going to aid all these people to take the bloom from my own child's innocence. Heaven help me!"

"Oh, never mind that," cried Julia, in her ardent way; "give me Truth before Error however pleasing."

Mrs. Dodd replied only by a sigh: grand general sentiments, like that, never penetrated her mind: they glided off like water from a duck's back. "We will begin with this mercantile Brutus, then," said she, with such a curl of the lip. Brutus had rejected her daughter.

"Richard Hardie was born and bred in a bank: one where no wild thyme blows, love; nor cowslips nor the nodding violet grows; but gold and silver chink, and things are discounted, and men grow rich slowly, but surely, by lawful use of other people's money. Breathed upon by these 'gentle influences,' he was, from his youth, a remarkable man; measured by Trade's standard. At five-and-twenty divine what he did! HE SAVED THE BANK. You have read of bubbles; the Mississippi Bubble and the South Sea Bubble. Well, in the year 1825, it was not one bubble but a thousand; mines by the score, and in distant lands; companies by the hundred; loans to every nation or tribe, down to Guatemala, Patagonia, and Greece: two hundred new ships were laid on the stocks in one year, for your dear papa told me; in short, a fever of speculation, and the whole nation raging with it; my dear, Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Bishops, Poets, Lawyers, Physicians, were seen struggling with their own footmen for a place in the Exchange: and, at last, good, steady, old Mr. Hardie, Alfred's grandfather, was drawn into the vortex. Now, to excuse him and appreciate the precocious Richard, you must try and realize that these bubbles, when they rise, are as alluring and reasonable, as they are ridiculous and incredible when one looks back on them; even soap bubbles, you know, have rainbow hues till they burst; and, indeed, the blind avarice of men does but resemble the blind vanity of women: look at our grandmothers' hoops, and our mothers' short waists and monstrous heads! Yet in their day what woman did not glory in these insanities? Well then, Mr. Richard Hardie, at twenty-five, was the one to foresee the end of all these bubbles; he came down from London and brought his people to their senses by sober reason, and 'sound commercial principles:' that means, I believe, 'get other peoples' money, but do not risk your own.' His superiority was so clear, that his father resigned the helm to him, and, thanks to his ability, the bank weathered the storm, while all the other ones in the town broke, or suspended their trade. Now, you know, youth is naturally ardent and speculative: but Richard Hardie's was colder and wiser than other peoples' old age: and that is one trait. Some years later, in the height of his prosperity—I reveal this only for your comfort, and on your sacred promise as a person of delicacy, never to repeat it to a soul—Richard Hardie was a suitor for my hand."

"Mamma!"

"Do not ejaculate, sweetest! It rather discomposes me. 'Nothing is extraordinary,' as that good creature says. He must have thought it would *answer*, in one way or another, to have a gentlewoman at the head of his table. And I was not penniless, bien entendu. Failing in this, he found a plain little Thing, with a gloomy temper, and no accomplishments nor graces; but her father could settle twenty thousand pounds. He married her directly: and that is a trait. He sold his father's and grandfather's house and place of business, in spite of all their associations, and obtained a lease of his present place from my uncle Fountain; it seemed a more money-making situation. A trait. He gives me no reason for rejecting my daughter. Why? because he is not proud of his reasons: this walking Avarice has intelligence: a trait. Now put all this together, and who more transparent than the profound Mr. Hardie? He has declined our alliance because he takes for granted we are poor. When I undeceive him on that head he will reopen *negotiations*, in a letter; No. 2 of the correspondence; copied by one of his clerks: it will be calm, plausible, flattering: in short, it will be done like a gentleman: though he is nothing of the kind. And this brings me to what I ought to have begun with; your dear father and I have always lived within our income for our children's sake; he is bringing home the bulk of our savings this very voyage, and it amounts to fourteen thousand pounds."

"Oh, what an enormous sum!"

"No, dearest, it is not a fortune in itself. But it is a considerable sum to possess, independent of one's settlement and one's income. It is loose cash, to speak à la Hardie; that means I can do what I choose with it; and of course I choose—to make you happy. How I shall work on what you call Iron and I call Clay must be guided by circumstances. I think of depositing three or four thousand pounds every month with Mr. Hardie; he is our banker you know. He will most likely open his eyes, and make some move before the whole sum is in his hands. If he does not, I shall perhaps call at his bank and draw a check for fourteen thousand pounds. The wealthiest provincial banker does not keep such a sum floating in his shop-tills. His commercial honor, the one semi-chivalrous sentiment in his soul, would be in peril. He would yield, and with grace: none the less readily that his house and his bank, which have been long heavily mortgaged to our trustees, were made virtually theirs by agreement yesterday (I set this on foot within twelve hours of Mr. Iron's impertinent letter), and he will say to himself, 'She can—post me, I think they call it—this afternoon for not cashing her check, and she can turn me and my bank into the street to-morrow:' and then, of course, he shall see by my manner the velvet paw is offered as well as the claw. He is pretty sure to ask himself which will suit the *ledger* best—this cat's friendship and her fourteen thousand pounds, or—an insulted mother's enmity?" And Mrs. Placid's teeth made a little click just audible in the silent night.

"Oh, mamma! my heart is sick. Am I to be bought and sold like this?"

"You must pay the penalty for loving a parvenu's son. Come, Julia, no peevishness, no more romance, no more vacillation. You have tried Pride and failed, pitiably: now I insist on you trying Love! Child, it is the bane of our sex to carry nothing out. From that weakness I will preserve you. And, by-the-by, we are not going to marry Richard Hardie, but Alfred. Now Alfred, with all his faults and defects—"

"Mamma! what faults? what defects?"

"Is a gentleman; thanks to Oxford, and Harrow, and nature. My darling, pray to Heaven night and day for your dear father's safe return; for on him, I assure you, and him alone, your happiness depends: as mine does."

"Mamma!" cried Julia, embracing her, "what do poor girls do, who have lost their mother?"

"Look abroad and see!" was the grave reply.

Mrs. Dodd then begged her to go to sleep like a good child for her health's sake; all would be well; and with this was about to return to her own room: but a white hand and arm darted out of the bed and caught her. "What! Hope has come to me by night in the form of an angel, and shall I let her go back to her own room? Never! never! never! never! never!" And she patted the bed expressively, and with the prettiest impatience.

"Well let Hope take off her ear-rings first," suggested Mrs. Dodd.

"No, no, come here directly, ear-rings and all."

"No, thank you; or I shall have *them* hurting you next."

Mrs. Placid removed her ear-rings, and the tender pair passed the rest of the night in one another's arms. The young girl's tears were dried; and hope revived, and life bloomed again: only, henceforth, her longing eyes looked out to sea for her father: homeward bound.

Next day, as they were seated together in the drawing-room, Julia came from the window with a rush, and kneeled at Mrs. Dodd's knees with bright imploring face upturned.

"He is there; and—I am to speak to him? Is that it?"

"Dear, dear, dear mamma!"

"Well, then, bring me my things!"

She was ten minutes putting them on: Julia tried to expedite her; and retarded her. She had her pace; and could not go beyond it.

By this time Alfred Hardie was thoroughly miserable. Unable to move his father, shunned by Julia, sickened by what he had heard, and indeed seen, of her gayety and indifference to their separation, stung by jealousy, and fretted by impatience, he was drinking nearly all the bitters of that sweet Passion, Love. But as you are aware he ascribed Julia's inconstancy, lightness, and cruelty, all to Mrs. Dodd. He hated her cordially, and dreaded her into the bargain: he played the sentinel about her door all the more because she had asked him not to do it. "Always do what your enemy particularly objects to," said he, applying to his own case the wisdom of a Greek philosopher, one of his teachers.

So, when the gate suddenly opened, and instead of Julia, this very Mrs. Dodd walked toward him, his feelings were any thing but enviable. He wished himself away, heartily, but was too proud to retreat. He stood his ground. She came up to him: a charming smile broke out over her features. "Ah, Mr. Hardie," said she, "if you have nothing better to do, will you give me a minute?" He assented with an ill grace.

"May I take your arm?"

He offered it with a worse.

She laid her hand lightly on it, and it shuddered at her touch. He felt like walking with a velvet tigress.

By some instinct she divined his sentiments, and found her task more difficult than she had thought; she took some steps in silence. At last, as he was no dissembler, he burst out passionately, "Why are you my enemy?"

"I am not your enemy," said she, softly.

"Not openly, but all the more dangerous. You kept us apart, you bid her be gay, and forget me; you are a cruel, hard-hearted lady."

"No, I am not, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd, simply.

"Oh! I believe you are good and kind to all the rest of the world; but you know you have a heart of iron for me."

"I am my daughter's friend, but not your enemy; it is you who are too inexperienced to know how delicate, how difficult, my duties are. It is only since last night I see my way clear; and, look, I come at once to you with friendly intentions. Suppose I were as impetuous as you are! I should, perhaps, be calling you ungrateful."

He retorted bitterly, "Give me something to be grateful for, and you shall see whether that baseness is in my nature."

"I have a great mind to put you to the proof," said she, archly. "Let us walk down this lane; then you can be as unjust to me as you please, without attracting public attention."

In the lane she told him quietly she knew the nature of his father's objections to the alliance he had so much at heart, and they were objections, which her husband, on his return, would remove. On this he changed his tone a little, and implored her piteously not to deceive him.

"I will not," said she, "upon my honor. If you are as constant as my daughter is in her esteem for you—notwithstanding her threadbare gayety worn over loyal regret, and to check a parcel of idle ladies' tongues—you have nothing to fear from me, and every thing to expect. Come, Alfred—may I take that liberty with you?—let us understand one another. We only want that to be friends."

This was hard to resist; and at his age. His lip trembled, he hesitated, but at last gave her his hand. She walked two hours with him, and laid herself out to enlighten, soothe, and comfort his sore heart. His hopes and happiness revived under her magic, as Julia's had. In the midst of it all, the wise woman quietly made terms, he was not to come to the house but on her invitation, unless indeed he had news of the *Agra* to communicate; but he might write once a week to her, and inclose a few lines to Julia. On this concession he proceeded to mumble her white wrist, and call her his best, dearest, loveliest friend; his mother. "Oh, remember!" said he, with a relic of distrust, "you are the only mother I can ever hope to have."

That touched her. Hitherto, he had been to her but a thing her daughter loved.

Her eyes filled. "My poor, warm-hearted, motherless boy," she said, "pray for my husband's safe return! For on that your happiness depends: and hers. And mine."

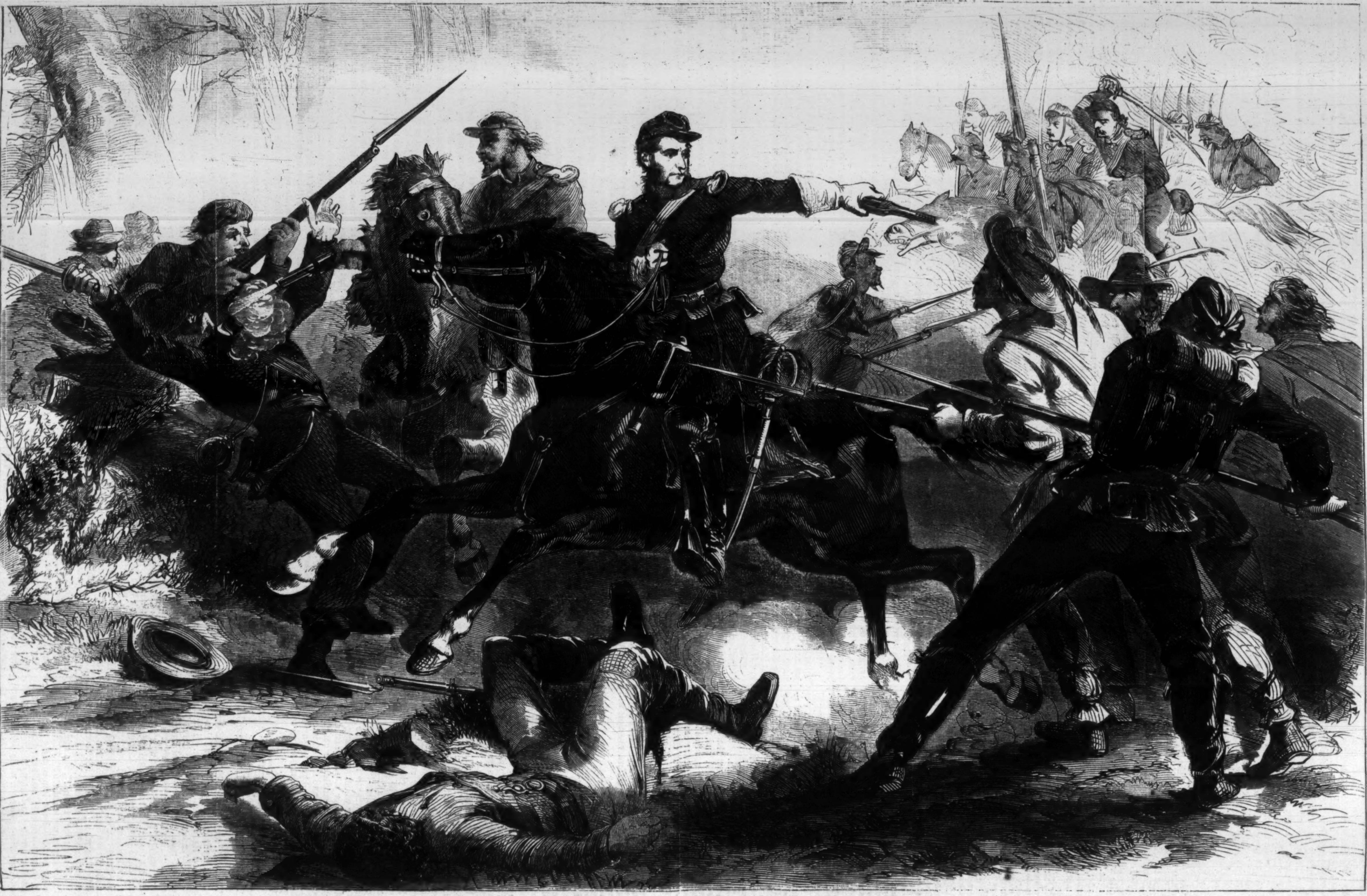
So now two more bright eyes looked longingly seaward for the *Agra*; homeward bound.

SYMPATHY.

FELLOW-WORKER, toiling brother,
Come into the fields with me;
See! the sheaves support each other,
So with us it ought to be.

Lean upon me in your trouble,
And support me with your joy;
Friendship can a lifetime double,
Hatred will two lives destroy.

Oh! remember, the Eternal
Lays us in one barn together,
When with his right hand supernal
Sheaves of life he stoops to gather.



COLONEL KILPATRICK'S LATE CAVALRY RAID THROUGH VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 348.]

GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the late THOMAS JEFFERSON JACKSON, better known as "Stonewall Jackson," in his lifetime a Lieutenant-General in the rebel army.

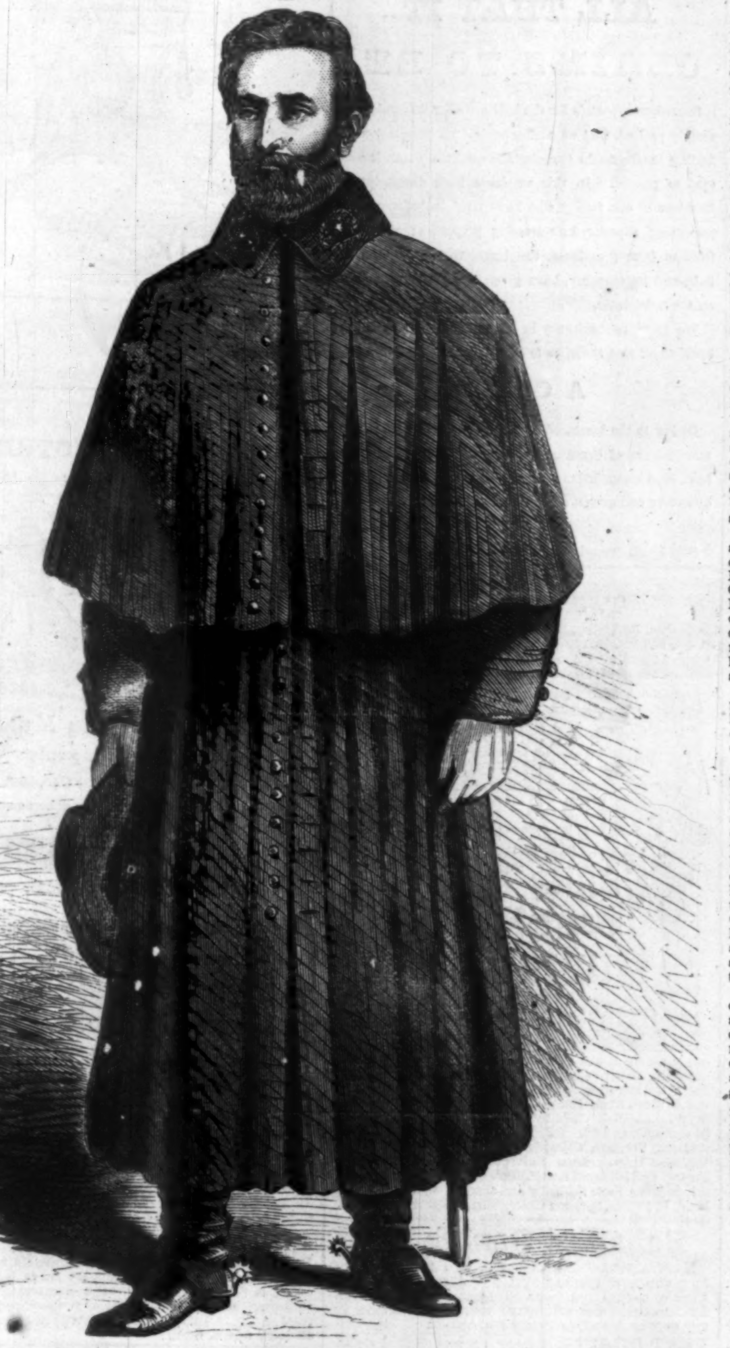
He was born about the year 1826, in Lewis County, Virginia, and entered West Point in 1842. He graduated in 1846, in the same class with Generals M'Clellan, Stoneman, Couch, Foster, etc., and entered the Second Artillery. He went with his regiment to Mexico, fought gallantly throughout the campaign, and received three brevets for his conduct at the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec. After the war he left the army with the rank of Major, and became a Professor of Mathematics at the Military Institute of Lexington, Virginia. While there he married the daughter of Rev. George Junkin, now of New York, and identified himself with the Presbyterian Church. His wife dying, he espoused a daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Davidson College, North Carolina.

At the outbreak of the war Major Jackson is said to have had some difficulty in deciding where the path of duty lay; but eventually evil counsels prevailed, and he cast his lot with the rebels. The following is an accurate and succinct account of his military career:

He was at first placed at the head of a regiment of infantry, which he drilled so quickly, and yet so perfectly, as to rely upon them at any moment. With this regiment he engaged General Patterson's forces at Falling Waters on the 2d of July, 1861; but the contest resulted in a mere skirmish. At the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, he was asked by General Beauregard whether—his troops being raw—he thought they would be likely to stand. "Yes," he answered, "like a stone-wall;" and stand they did till the end of the contest. From this answer he obtained the *sobriquet* of "Stonewall Jackson," which has stood by him to the last. He lost a horse during the battle, it being shot while he was upon him, and a bullet is said to have taken off a finger of his left hand.

From the date of this battle he became noted among his fellows, and he was placed in command of a brigade. He displayed such skill in its organization that he was allowed a separate command to operate in the Shenandoah Valley region. On the 22d and 23d of March, 1862, he engaged the forces of General Shields at Winchester, and fought them from behind a stone-wall. On the first day General Shields repulsed him; but, being reinforced, Jackson again engaged Shields with redoubled vigor at sunrise the next morning. General Shields would have been beaten, so desperate was the onslaught, but for the timely arrival of a brigade from General Williams's division. Thus reinforced, General Shields attempted to turn his flank, but was met by a veritable stone-wall, behind which the rebels picked off numbers of our men. Subsequently, by a desperate assault, the rebel forces were finally driven from the position, but not, considering the numbers engaged, until a fearful slaughter had taken place on both sides.

For some time General Jackson was engaged only in trifling operations at the upper end of the Shenandoah Valley, the change of operations of General M'Clellan's advancing army requiring him to be on the *qui vive* for a movement to some other quarter of Virginia. On the 8th of May he made a dash upon the advanced positions of Generals Milroy and Schenck, at the town of M'Dowell, east of the Alleghanies. After this he set the report afloat that he intended to attack Fredericksburg, then held by General M'Dowell's corps. While the Union troops in the Shenandoah Valley were congratulating themselves upon the idea that Jackson was not in their front, he suddenly dashed upon their advance, under Colonel Kenly, at Front Royal, near one of the gaps of the Blue Ridge. This was on the 23d of May, 1862, and the success of the movement is too recent in the memory of our readers to need more than a passing notice. For the next three days he was engaged in the pursuit of the weakened forces under General Banks, whose masterly retreat saved his army from the fate that befell Colonel Kenly. Banks's forces being reinforced, Jackson steadily retreated before them up the valley. On the 31st of May and 1st of June he was closely pursued by the forces of Generals Banks, Shields, and Frémont, operating from different directions, and it was then believed that he would be captured with his whole force.



THE LATE "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

It was not properly understood what manner of man had to be dealt with in this pursuit; but it was shortly afterward demonstrated; for on the 8th of June he turned upon his pursuers and engaged Frémont's wing, embracing the forces under Generals Schenck, Milroy, and Blenker. These forces he compelled to give up the pursuit, and the next day he attacked those under General Shields, at Port Republic, likewise causing them to fall back. By the celerity of his movements he prevented the junction of the pursuing forces, and retreated to Richmond to join in the attack upon M'Clellan.

For this operation General Jackson was made a Major-General of the rebel regular army. Leaving a small portion of his forces to amuse the troops in the Shenandoah Valley, he removed his main army, which was further reinforced, to Mechanicsville, near the Upper Chickahominy River. Here he attacked the right wing of General M'Clellan's army on the 25th of May, following up the attack on the 26th against General M'Call, and on the 27th upon General Fitz John Porter, at Gaines's Mill. There is but little doubt that he took an active part in the various battles of that eventful period. He was reported slightly wounded; but the report has not since been definitely substantiated.

After M'Clellan's retreat to Harrison's Landing he moved with his usual swiftness toward the Upper Rappahannock. Here for several days he operated against the forces of General Pope's Army of Virginia. These operations finally culminated in the desperate battle of Cedar Mountain, where General Banks stubbornly resisted his onslaught, and inflicted on the rebel army a loss of nearly two thousand men. Finally, as General Pope, during the remainder of August, fell back upon Washington, General Jackson's forces were more or less engaged in the battles incident to that retreat, especially in the raid around the Union army, where he destroyed General Pope's baggage and secured a large amount of spoil.

When Lee's army advanced into Maryland Jackson was appointed to operate along his old ground—the Shenandoah Valley—to clear the Union forces out of that region. He made a demonstration upon Martinsburg, then under General Julius White, causing that force to fall back upon Harper's Ferry, and then, by a combination with forces on the Maryland side of the Potomac, besieged for several days the key of the valley—Harper's Ferry. His was the master mind in this siege, and finally this position capitulated on the 15th day of September, 1862, with all its stores, armament, munitions, and men.

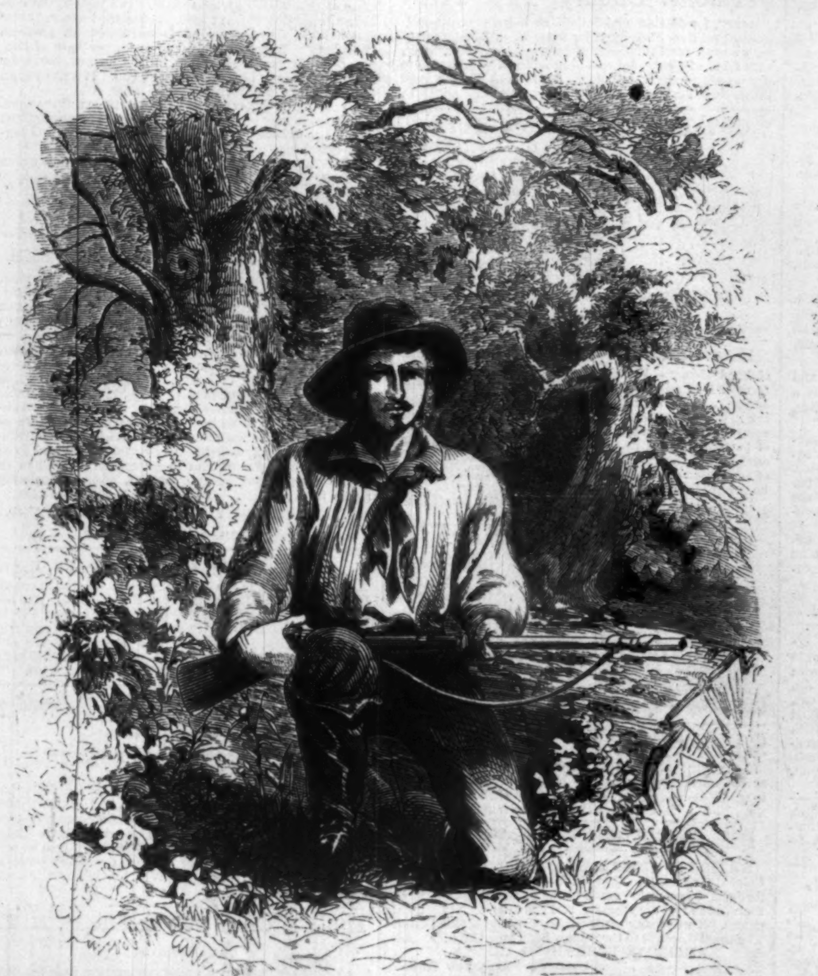
Again he moved his command with celerity, and on the night of the 16th he is reported by General Hooker to have had his forces added to those of General Lee, on the banks of Antietam Creek, and to have participated in that severe contest for the possession of Maryland.

After the rebel army had been driven out of Maryland, Jackson's forces, with Lee's, moved southward toward the Rappahannock, and when General Sumner made his rapid movement to the Rappahannock, General Jackson's forces also moved rapidly to keep up with it, arriving in Fredericksburg shortly after Sumner occupied Falmouth. Had the pontoon bridges been ready General Sumner would have occupied the position first, and the slaughter of December 13 might have been avoided. General Jackson held command of the right wing during that fearful contest, and repulsed the left wing of Burnside's army, under General Franklin. For this victory he was promoted to a lieutenant-generalship, a rank equal to our commander of a corps. For some time after this battle he was reported sick; but it plainly appears that, sick or well, he was on the field at Chancellorsville.

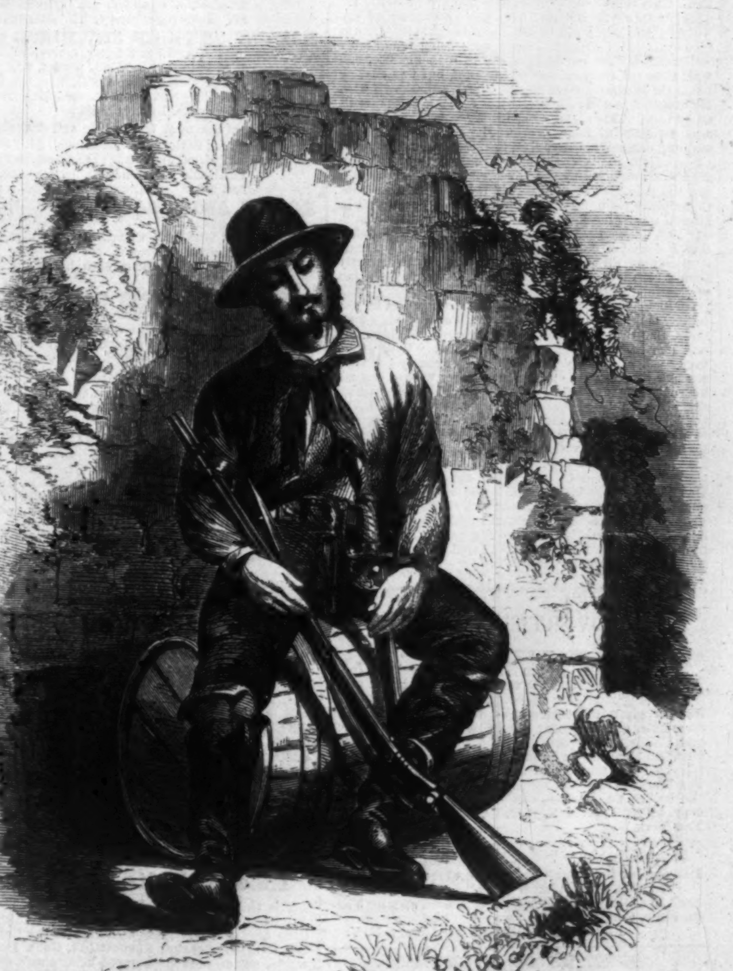
At this, his last battle, he again demonstrated his power of moving with celerity. When the movement of Hooker's army first commenced, at the latter end of April, Jackson's command was at Port Royal, on the extreme right of the rebel line, and here he faced the advance of Reynolds's corps. Perceiving this was a feint, he pushed his command across the country, and on the 1st of May attacked with great determination the extreme right of the Union army. Again moving with remarkable quickness, he on the 3d of May attacked the forces under General Sedgwick at Salem Heights, the position being about the centre of the rebel line and the left of ours. He was wounded during this engagement, taken from the field, and his wound attended to by one of the most experienced surgeons of the South; but amputation of the arm was necessary. The operation, combined with other causes, resulted in his death, which took place on Sunday, May 9.

The *Herald* publishes the following characteristic anecdotes of the man:

He had in his service a negro who had become so used to his ways as to know when he was about to start on an expedition without receiving any notice from his master. When asked how he could know that, as his master never talked about his plans, the negro answered, "Massa Jackson allers prays ebery night and ebery mornin'; but when



THE SCOUT DAVIDSON ON DUTY.—[SEE PAGE 343.]



OFF DUTY.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

he go on any expedishum he pray two, or tree, or four times durin' de night. When I see him pray two, or tree, or four times durin' de night, I pack de baggage, for I know he goin' on an expedishum."

Another incident is connected with his idea of dying a painful death, and, before the rebellion, this became a species of hypochondria; for he would occasionally fancy his limbs were being paralyzed, first on one side and then on the other.

He had a curious way of holding his head up very straight, and his invariable response to any remark was, "Very well!" while his chin would appear as if it were trying to get up toward the top of his head.

The following item from a contemporary, if true, will illustrate the character of the soldier:

"During the battle of Chapultepec, where he commanded a section of Magruder's battery, attached to Pillow's division, he was ordered by that pitiful commander to withdraw his section, as, according to Pillow's craven idea, it was too much exposed. Giving no heed whatever to the General's order, he rapidly limbered up and moved his section a hundred yards nearer the enemy's works, where he did great execution."

The following circumstantial account of the accident by which he met his death, and of his subsequent sufferings is from the Richmond *Enquirer:*

General Jackson, having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff and part of his couriers. The cavalcade was in the darkness of the night mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired upon by a regiment of his own corps. He was struck by three balls, one through the left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; another ball passed through the same arm between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the palm of the right hand about its middle, passing through, and broke two bones. He was wounded on the Plank Road, about fifty yards in advance of the enemy. He fell from his horse, and was caught by Captain Wormley, to whom he remarked, "All my wounds are by my own men." He had given orders to fire at any thing coming up the road, before he left the lines. The enemy's skirmishers appeared ahead of him, and he turned to ride back. Just then some one cried out, "Cavalry, charge!" and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke forward to ride through our line to escape the fire. Captain Boswell was killed, and carried through the line by his horse, and fell among our own men. Colonel Couchfield, Chief of Staff, was wounded by his side. Two couriers were killed. Major Pendleton, Lieutenants Morrison and Smith, escaped uninjured. General Jackson was immediately placed on a litter and started for the rear. The firing attracted the attention of the enemy, and was resumed by both lines. One litter-bearer was shot down, and the General fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of the arm, and injuring his side severely.

The enemy's fire of artillery on this point was terrible. General Jackson was left for five minutes, until the fire slackened; then placed in an ambulance, and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a large amount of blood, and at one time told Dr. M'Guire he thought he was dying, and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was immediately applied. For two hours he was near pulseless from the shock. As he was being carried from the field, frequent inquiries were made by the soldiers, "Who have you there?" He told the Doctor, "Do not tell the troops I am wounded."

After the reaction a consultation was held between Drs. Black, Coleman, Walls, and M'Guire, and amputation was decided upon. He was asked, "If we find amputation necessary shall it be done at once?" He replied, "Yes, certainly, Dr. M'Guire; do for me whatever you think is right." The operation was performed while he was under the influence of chloroform, and was borne well. He slept on Sunday morning, was cheerful, and was doing well. On Monday he was carried to Chancellor's house, near Guiney's dépôt. He was cheerful; talked about the battle, gallant bearing of General Rhodes, and said that his Major-General's commission ought to date from Saturday, the grand charge of his old Stonewall brigade, of which he had heard; asked after all his officers; during the day talked more than usual, and said: "Men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade,' to their children." He insisted that the term Stonewall belonged to them, and not to him.

During the ride to Guiney's he complained greatly of heat, and besides wet applications to his wounds, begged that a wet cloth be applied to his stomach, which was done, greatly to his relief, as he expressed it. He slept well on Monday night, and ate with relish the next morning. On Tuesday his wounds were doing very well. He asked, "Can you tell me, from the appearance of my wounds, how long I will be kept from the field?" He was greatly satisfied when told they were doing remarkably well.' He did not complain of any pain in his side, and wanted to see the members of his staff, but was advised not. On Wednesday his wounds looked remarkably well. He expected to go to Richmond this day, but was prevented by rain. This night, while his surgeon, who had slept none for three nights, was asleep, he complained of nausea, and ordered his boy, Jim, to place a wet towel over his stomach. This was done. About daylight the surgeon was awakened by the boy saying, "The General is in great pain." The pain was in the right side, and due to incipient pneumonia and some nervousness, which he himself attributed to the fall from the litter. On Thursday Mrs. Jackson arrived, greatly to his joy and satisfaction, and she faithfully nursed him to the end. By Thursday evening all pain had ceased. He suffered greatly from prostration. On Friday he suffered no pain, but prostration increased.

On Sunday morning, when it was apparent that he was rapidly sinking, Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition. She then had free and full converse with him, and told him he was going to die. He said: "Very good; very good. It is all right." He had previously said: "I consider these wounds a blessing. They were given me for some good and wise purpose. I would not part with them if I could." He asked of Major Pendleton: "Who is preaching at head-quarters to-day?" He sent messages to all the Generals. He expressed a wish to be buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. During delirium his mind reverted to the battle-field, and he sent orders to General A. P. Hill to prepare for action, and to Major Hawks, his Commissary, and to the surgeons. He frequently expressed to his aids his wish that Major-General Ewell should be ordered to command his corps. His confidence in General Ewell was very great, and the manner in which he spoke of him showed that he had duly considered the matter.

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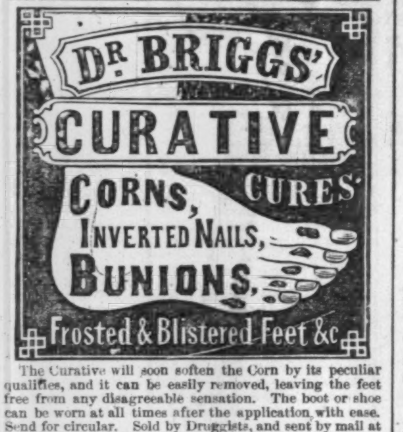

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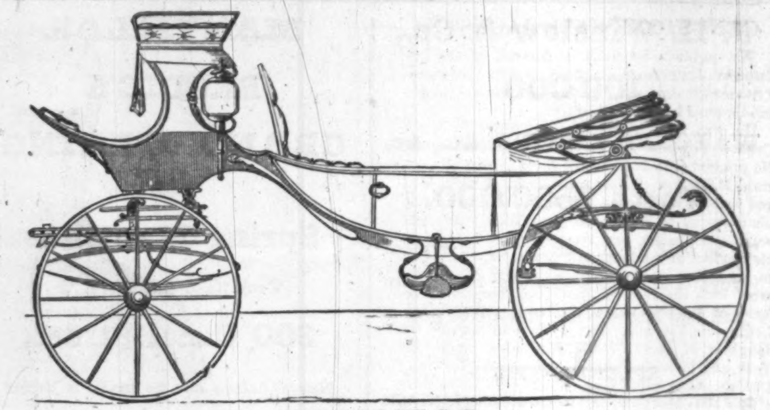
Insoles, $1; Armlets, $1 50; Belts, $3. Send for circular. Sent by mail for 25 cents additional.



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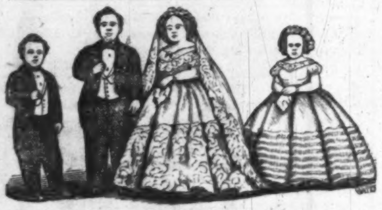
Have removed to Nos. 594 and 596 Broadway, a few doors above Niblo's.



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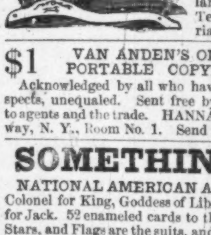

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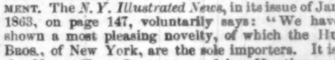

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